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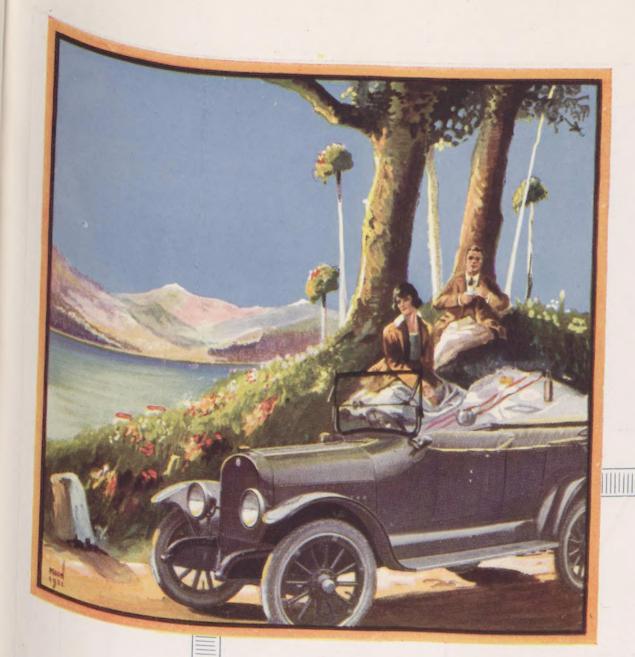
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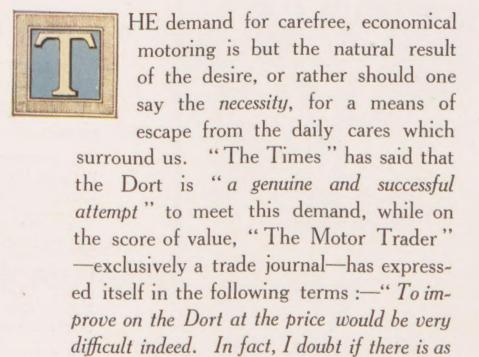
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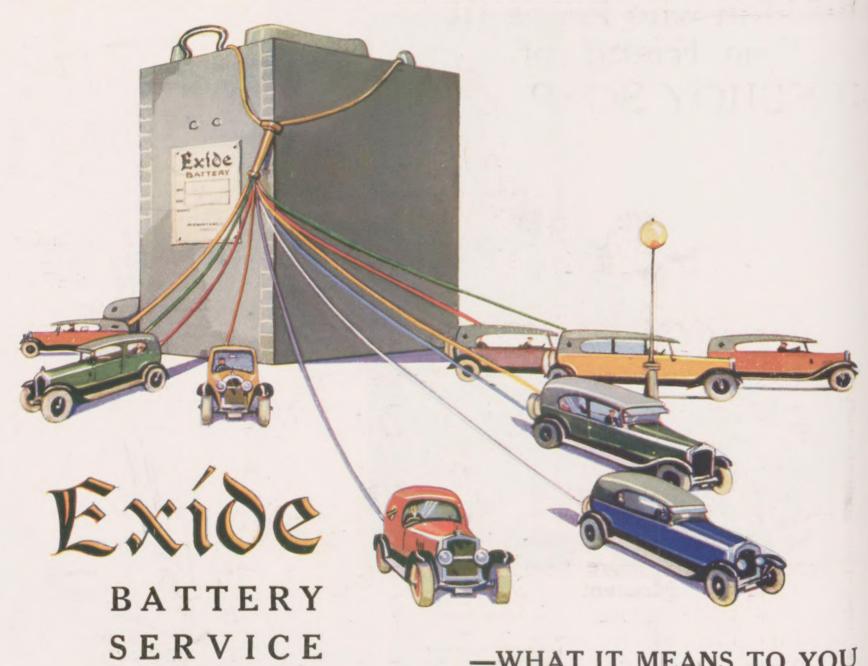


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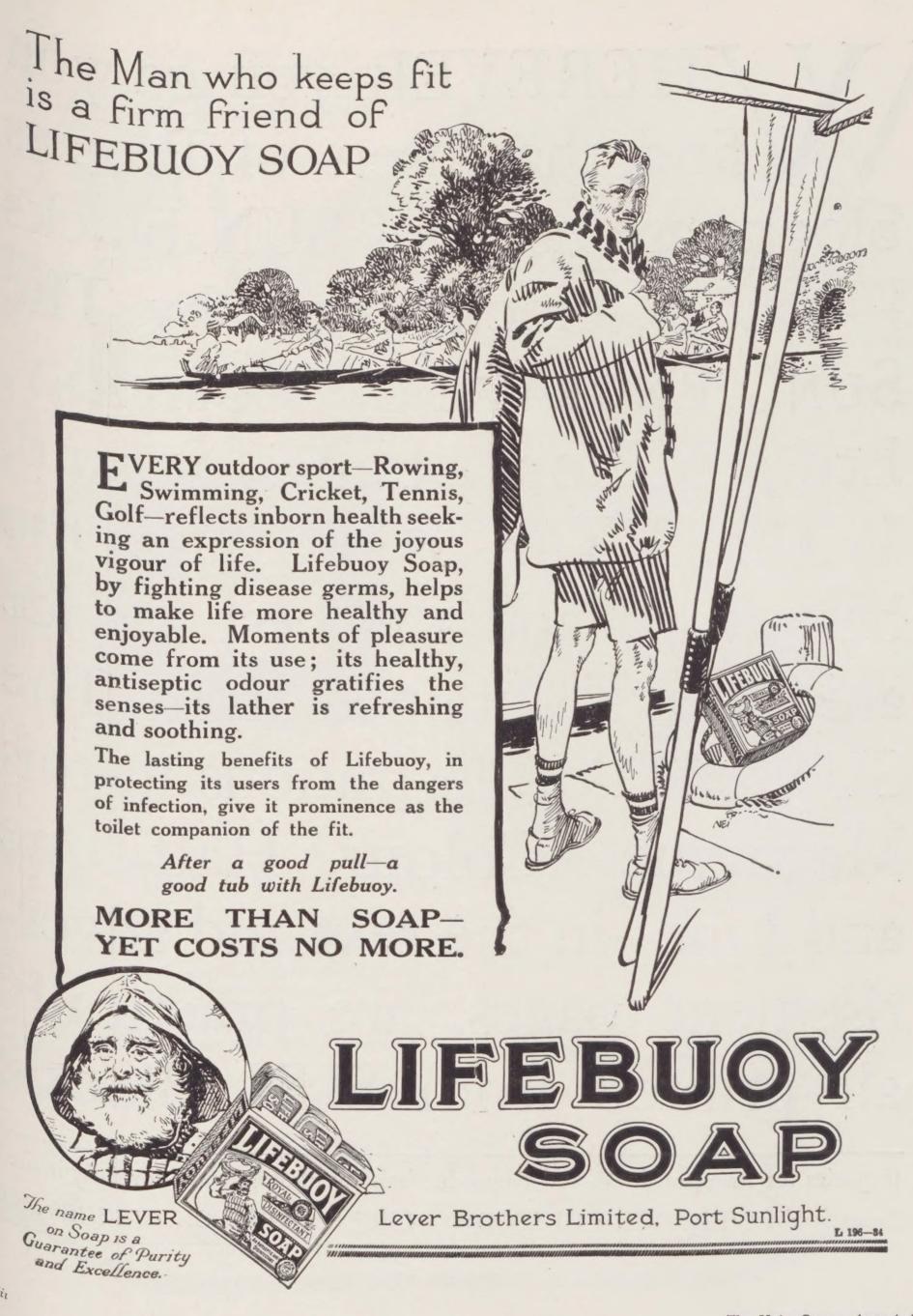


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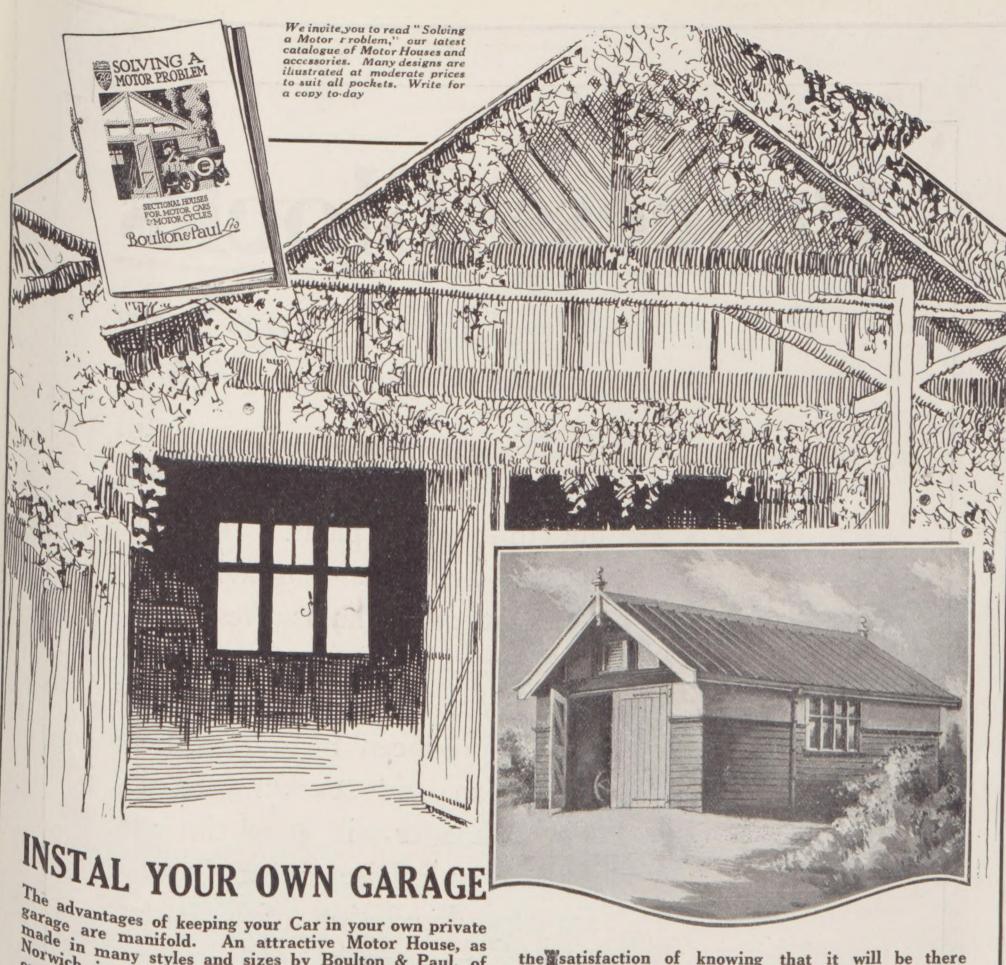
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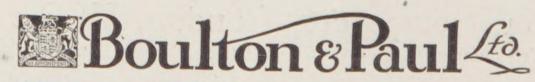
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If you are an owner-driver you can look after your carcan leave a spanner on the running board overnight with

Page v

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WHAT SAMA DESTRUCTIONS:

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Show numerous carried into the relative value-for-money value-for-money value-for-money into my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 The Sama W. H. BERRY.

W. H. BERRY.

Same writer states in the EVENING STANDARD, in the my original opinion, that she is the best value in the very observed. is a very obvious value-for-money car."—FIELD,

value-tasseration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the value-to-money offer we have met with in the motoring laracq Cars have become at home and abroad."

1. NEWS, Dec. 8, 1920.

for Cars have long held a reputation for providing samples of really represents one of the most remarkage.

inst been trying out a 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq, to, as for myself, however, I am bound to say that this Talbot-ER, March 2, 1921.

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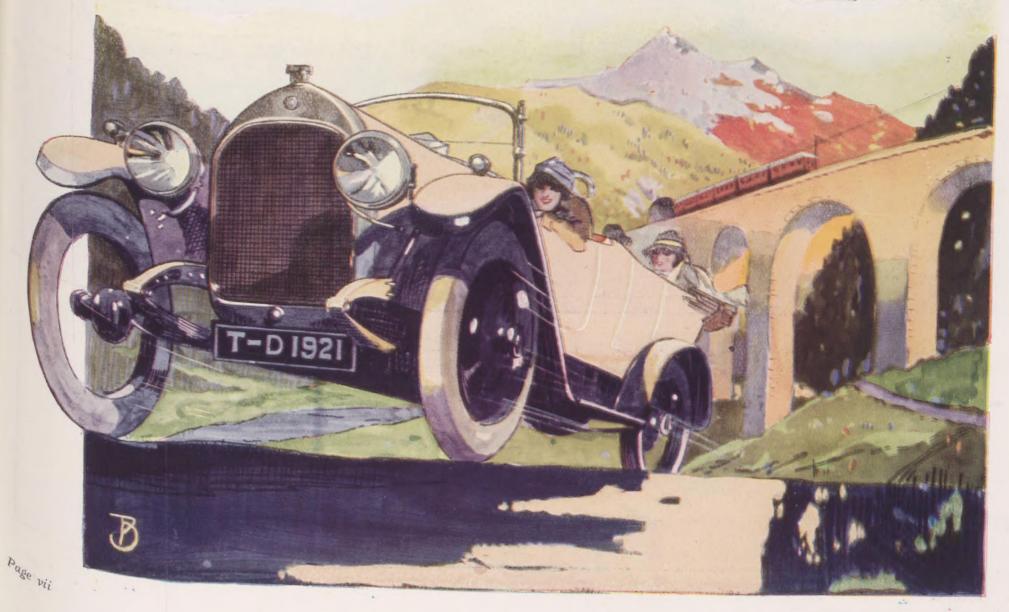
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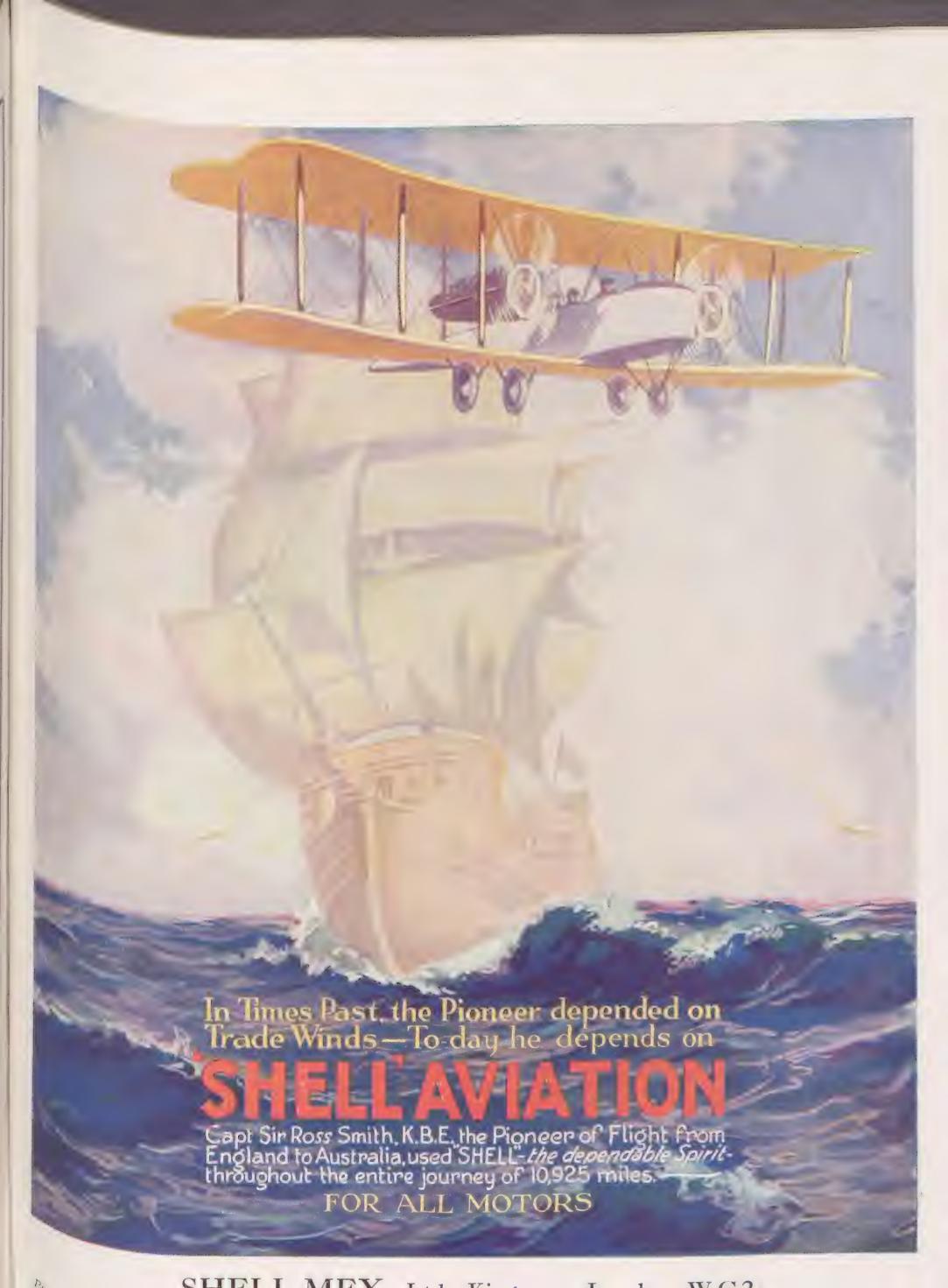
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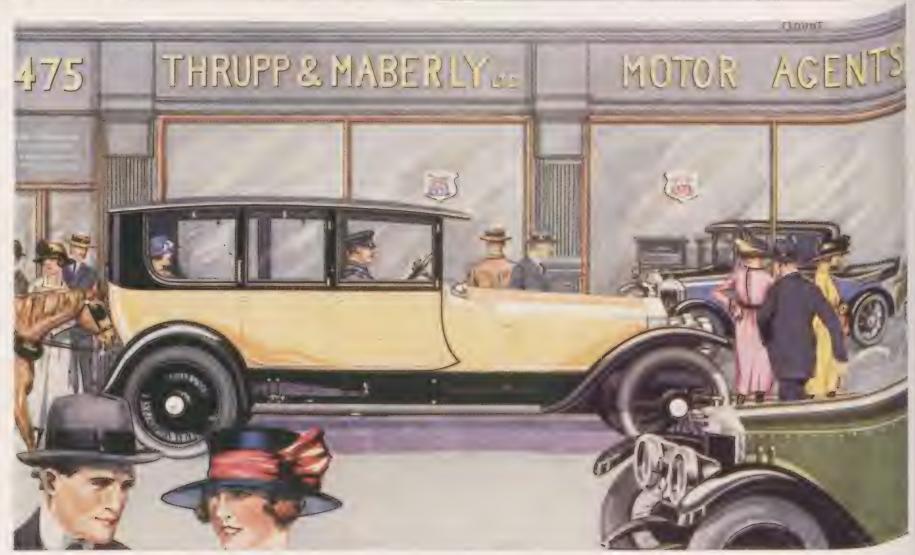
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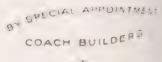
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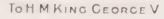
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LORD GARVAGH

A Letter of enthusiastic praise, entirely unsolicited, from a keen motoring nobleman concerning

Angus-Sanderson

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4-Seater All-weatherCoupé

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From LORD GARVAGH

(28401) I am sure that most people will rejoice at the restoration of the Angus-Sanderson car, that particularly fine all-British production. It would have been too deplorable for words should the recent financial depression, which affected so many other firms, have destroyed the manufacture of what is surely an ideal British touring car. As the happy medium in size, horse-power, and weight, what could be better than the Angus-Sanderson for all-round purposes, to suit practically everybody?

I bought my Angus-Sanderson car in January last, at the Birtley factory, and from the moment it left the works the car has run like a poem of perfection ever since. The car has the smoothest four-cylinder engine I have ever sat behind, and I should swear it was a six if I had not seen the engine.

My car cost £625, which even now I consider to be far and away the finest car bargain at the price. Yet I see the price is now reduced to £545, at which it is a positive gift!

Whoever designed this car is an artist in motor knowledge apart from being an expert, and the materials of its construction could scarcely be improved upon at any cost.

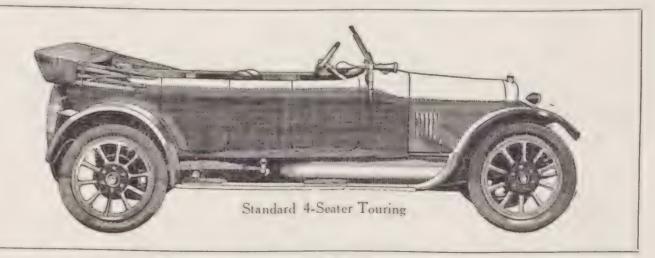
I take the opportunity of saying how exceedingly interesting to all the numerous Angus-Sanderson car owners was the recent description by "Vagrant" of his tour to the Riviera and back, in his car of this make.

In conclusion let me add that I have no interests in Angus-Sanderson car of any kind.

GARVAGH.

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September—the month of cool shadows.

September is an awkward month from many points of view. Everyone, figuratively speaking, is still away; those who are not wish they were, and those—we are writing in advance and guessing at a possible break-up in the

weather—who have postponed their holidays until late wishing to goodness that they hadn't. Anyway, it's usually an unsatisfactory month. Consequently, we feel that every reader of The Motor-Owner has some good reason why an extra specially interesting number of his Motoring journal should come his way. For the best of reasons we have not disguised the fact that our September Number will be, we think, one of the best issues of The Motor-Owner that have yet been published—and that is saying something. We are not going to specify each item of the contents now—let it be a mystery number—but readers can

take our word for it that they will miss something worth having if they miss that number. We wish once again to emphasise the folly of depending upon chance to obtain a copy. The day of "sale or return" is past. We cannot afford

to print some thousands of copies more than we expect to sell—you have only to look at this number to realise the costliness of the production. We endeavour to estimate the demand, and usually get within a mile of it, but while we don't want to waste money on unwanted copies, on the other hand, we do not want to cause disappointment by not printing enough. Readers can help us and themselves very materially by ordering their MOTOR-OWNER regularly either through their usual Newsagent or direct from the Publisher of the Magazine—for which purpose we have inserted appropriate subscription forms at the foot of this page.

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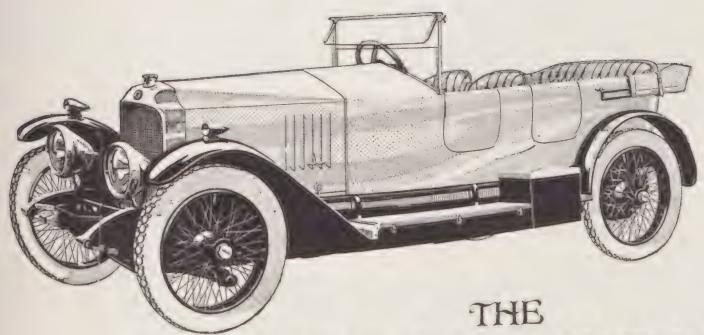
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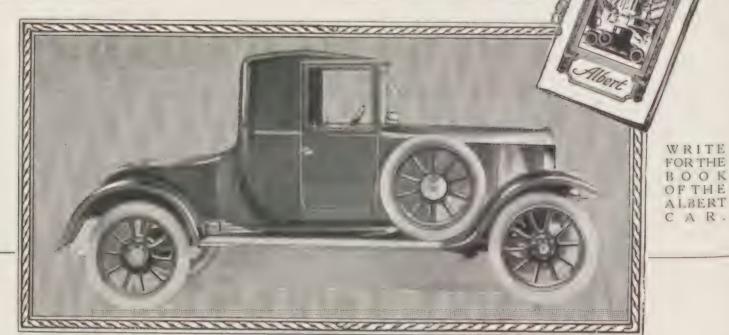
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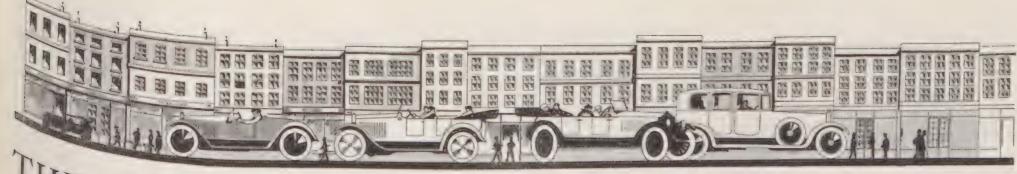
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Pio:



THE · MOTOR · MARKETS · OF · THE · WORLD GREAT · PORTLAND · STREET

ME Motor Market of the World Seems a somewhat ambitious description to apply to Great Portland Street Street, or to London as a whom the main it is accurate. The fact the main it is accurate. The range in the regarded as an achievement: an Eritish nation spinievement of which the British nation be broad by bistory of motoring special description of which the British nation been broud. The history of motoring times and covers, been told too many times, and covers, many times, and re-telling; out consider that period to need re-telling; but consider that less than three decades the Director was nonago the British motor industry was non-had developed progress at home, once the germ had developed, was legally discouraged, and france, Germany and America were making motor-cars which ran while we still stood agape which ran while we still stoom passed us in the of those strange contraptions passed us in the street.

And us in the street.

Adustry and suddenly, the British motor commor black born, and cars became a commor was born, and cars became a sight. Rude urchins had sight, but a for a with a rapidity Asion to signt.

The shout: "Git a 'orse!" for a 'only but Great Britain, with a rapidity strong formal about the strong formal about the Starting, forged ahead until one had some host car was the for saying that the best car was the

British car. That was not true then, and it is not true now, for there is no such thing as a "best" car. There may be best types of cars for a variety of given purposes, and Britain has a selection of cars of each of those types which has nothing to fear in a comparison with the corresponding types of other nations.

So remarkably did our industry make up for lost time in the early days that perhaps our cars obtained a reputation beyond their actual intrinsic merits-thus, incidentally, evidencing the value of publicity! Paris naturally held the proud position of Motor Market of the World while the British infant was developing, but it is long since that glory has departed. At one time the enthusiast would journey to Paris to select his new car, just as the smart Parisian might visit his London tailor, but it is now many years since such necessity existed.

One can obtain in London one makes the statement boldly—any car for any purpose, of any nationality and at any price. Moreover, one can obtain that car

after having inspected a variety of other similar but, maybe, less suitable vehicles without journeying above a mile.

The motor-car trade, unlike most other trades—although it is a usual and admirable custom of the East—has exhibited a striking gregariousness from the first. The principal motor-manufacturing district has been, is, and will be, the Midlands; that, with a few exceptions, is where motor-cars are made. So with the retail branch of the industry. The principal selling district is Great Portland Street. There, with no exceptions, any car in existence may be obtained. Consequently, it is the Motor Market of the World.

By this one does not imply that the New Yorker comes to London to buy his new sedan -that would be unreasonable. But he gravitates to London fairly regularly; he does not usually bring a car with him, for plenty of good reasons, and, like a good many more of us, he has almost forgotten how to walk. So he tells a taximan: "Great Portland Street," and returns to his hotel in his own car-maybe, of American make.

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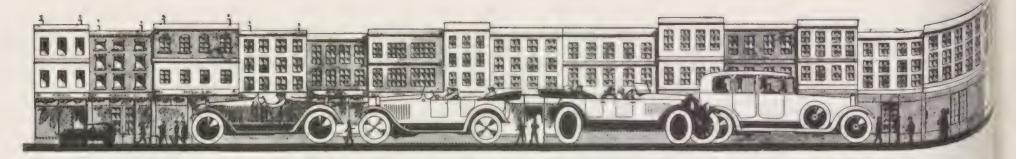
INSURE YOUR CAR

with the

United Motor & General Insurance Company, Ltd.



See Page 3 of Cover.



GREAT · PORTLAND · STREET

The story of the motor-car as it affects Great Britain, were it properly told, is not without romance, and the story of Great Portland Street is the story of a—coincidence, unanimous change of mind, accident—what shall one call it?

Originally, if you wanted a car you went to Long Acre—you probably had obtained your carriages there for years—strolled down one side of the street and up the other, and made your selection. When that car had been used and sold, and you thought to replace it with a new one of the same make, you were told that the company had moved to Great Portland Street. Showroom after showroom faded from the one place and reblossomed in the other; nobody ever seemed to know when or why. In these days, although the atmosphere of petrol remains, Covent Garden seems to be making even greater inroads on Long Acre, while everything in Great Portland Street has given way to the motor.

It is, perhaps, more just to look upon London as a whole rather than upon a particular street as the world's motor market, for the London headquarters of many leading cars are not situated in Great Portland Street at all. Pall Mall has its share in addition to Long Acre; Piccadilly, and even Oxford Street, have a few; while others are scattered

as far abroad as Edmonton and Acton. But the fact remains that no matter where the car is made or where the headquarters selling organisation is situated, the would-be purchaser will find no difficulty in inspecting, trying and buying a model of any make from one of the numerous agents in Great Portland Street.

We have been thinking and writing of new cars solely up to the present, but a car that leaves Great Portland Street in its pristine brilliancy is more than likely to find its way back again once or more than once in the course of its career. The Euston Road is generally regarded as the home of the second-hand car, but many a remarkably good bargain is to be picked up in Great Portland Street also.

Usually, one imagines, the prospective purchaser, either of his own knowledge or on the advice of friends, has a very fair idea of what he wants, both as to power and price, type and make, but should he be at all at sea there is no better education than a stroll along both sides of the street. From the motoring point of view, the value of Great Portland Street lies in the variety of the cars there offered. It is inconceivable that a man's tastes could be so unusual—one almost wrote outrageous—that Great Portland Street should fail to satisfy them.

There is everything there, from the two-seater to the most luxurious limit in every variety of coachwork and and for those who have not yet aspirately fledged, four-wheeled car there equally great variety in motor-cycle side-car combinations. Two strokes side-car combinations. Two strokes side-car combinations is weight—every type of two-wheeler is sented.

Great Portland Street, to put the male a nutshell, is a Street of Adventure motorist, and a street of great advanture developments take it is hard to say.

The centralisation which has marked feature from the beginning of mobile history in this country is not at this late date to give way to a policy, and Great Portland Street the most modest estimate, a very nucleus around which may be built greater edifice. The value from point of view of this centralisation undoubted and admitted; the feature is that it has come about accident and through no individual effort centration. We will therefore ventralisation of time the street may lay full the title Motor Market of the World.

A

A

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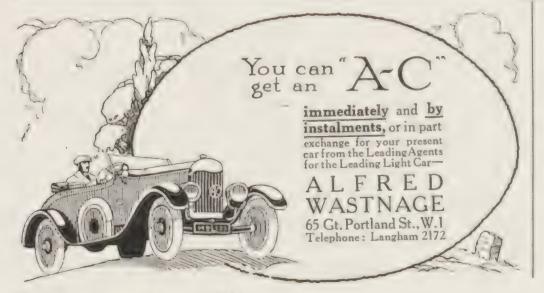
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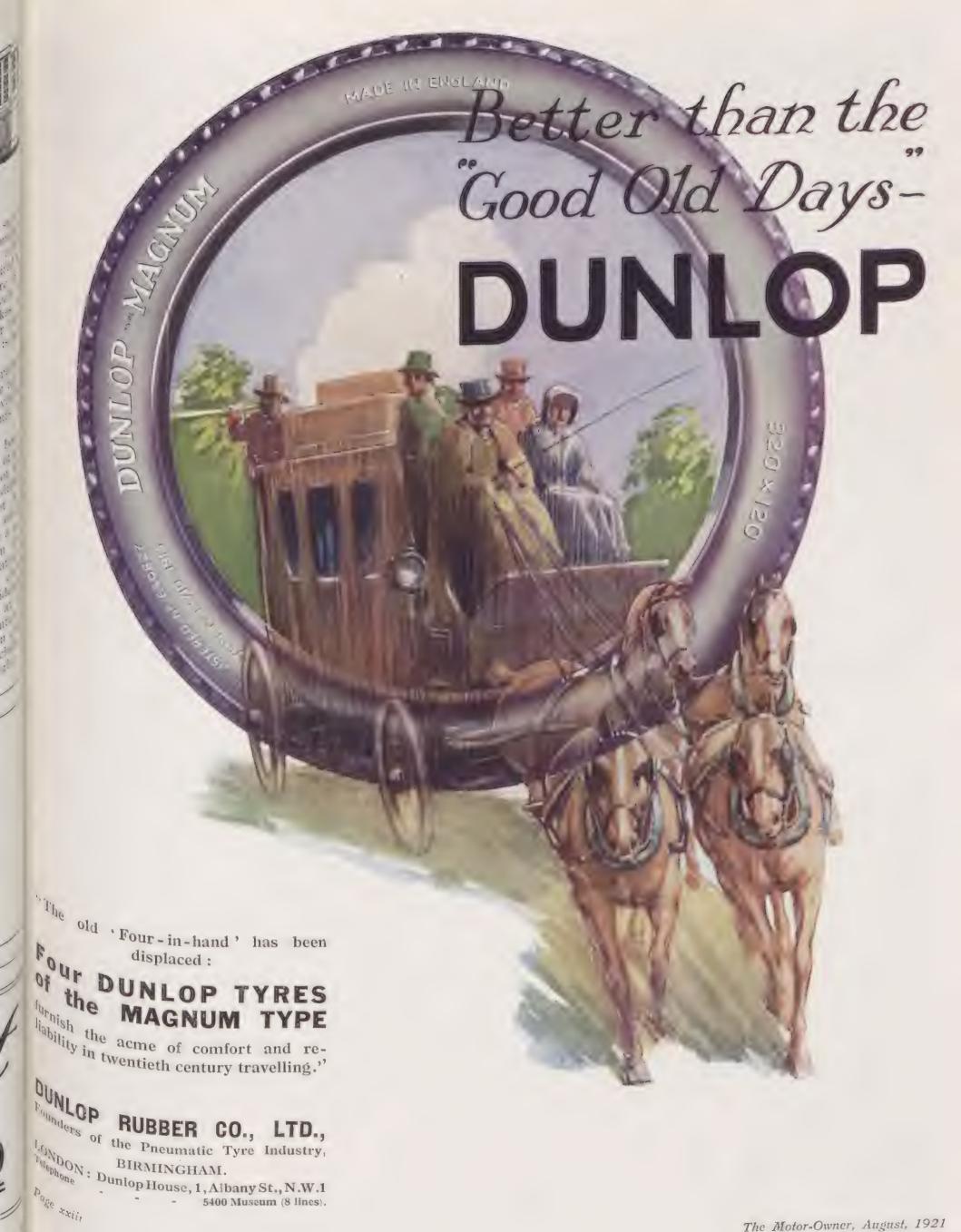
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THE MOTOR-OWNER



VOL.III NO. 27

AUGUST 1 9 2 1

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desirêd. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

THE GENTLE ART.

At no age is one immune from the danger of an attack of piscatorial enthusiasm, and even when caught in early youth recovery is by no means certain or rapid. Besides, it is one means of keeping cool.



[From a Kodak snapshot.



AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.



THE Grand Prix was rather disappointing to the average motor owner probably, but those who really understood the situation would have been more surprised if one of the British team, or rather than the same head rather, the Franco-British team, had won. It was thoroughly sporting of all four drivers to more or less insist upon competing in spite of the disinclination of the S.T.D. organisation, and the S.T.D. British and the fact that the two British amateur fact that the two British amateur drivers, Lee Guinness and Seagraves, finished respectively eighth and ninth is not morally disappointing but noteworthy. For they had wretched luck, and they were totally unacquainted. quainted with the course, except from a touring point of view. Moreover, the cars had not had proper tuning up in regard to the nature of the course. It is It is generally admitted that the cars put up an excellent performance, and that their handling in the circumstances reflected great credit and great perseverance on the part of the drivers. So far as the race in general is concerned, it is probable that not out, of the competitors drove "all hydraulical spite of the wonderful front wheel hydraulically-operated front wheel brakes of the Duesenbergs—for more than a few seconds on end. It is obvious few seconds on end. obvious, in fact, that a three litre cylinder capacity is too great a maximum li mum limit, and that future races will be limit. be limited to smaller cars. If practical evident is to be evidence were required it is to be found in the fact that the two-litre Ballot, No. 6, finished only 21 minutes behind the winner, the latter being of 33 per cent. greater capacity.

RAILWAYS AND ROADS.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, at the annual meeting of the Automobile Association, of which he is chairman, of road transport is not one that The matter is of indirect interest only doubtedly the charabanc question is

getting very serious. It is not reasonable to object to the multitude seeking fresh air and pastures new by this means. It is reasonable, however, to ask that vehicles of more than a certain maximum width shall not use roads of less than a minimum breadth. It is reasonable, also, to ask that the passengers of those vehicles, no matter on what roads they may be, shall behave themselves as reasoning human beings. It is extremely probable, in fact, that action in the latter respect



[Kodak.

THAT "TYRED" FEELING

is quickly dispelled by the above method. We recommend 1050 mm. × 300 mm. tubes as a suitable sanctuary for average adults.

—to render reasonable behaviour compulsory—may be taken. In the meantime, however, the question of railway competition on the roads has been shelved, at any rate temporarily.

FUSION?

The question of fusion of interests between the two motoring organisations—the R.A.C. and the A.A.—has never sunk far below the surface, and just lately it has popped its head up for ventilation. While there is a good prima facie case for fusion, there are two sides to every question, and especially to this one. The value of competition as a general energiser of value to the community, for instance, is conceded, and there is no knowing what might have happened if the A.A. and the R.A.C. had not been spurred on by the need for keeping up with, or ahead of, each other in providing service for their members. We do not suggest that either would slack off now if a fusion came about, but so long as there is no duplication of effort and consequent waste of money, it seems to us that the aims of the two bodies are in the main so entirely different that a combination is more an attractive figure of speech than either a necessity or even a possibility. Both organisations surely have sufficient intelligence not to overlap in this year of grace; or, where overlapping is conceivable, have sufficient nous to adopt a working agreement—so why

AN' IT PLEASE YOU!

To our regret, we are not thought-readers. We sometimes wonder what features of The Motor-Owner you like best. In this issue we make an experiment. In "Speed and Space" you have a little trip into the simplified depths of a technical hobby. Will you read it and let us know on a post-card if that type of article amuses you? If so, we can give you more on similar lines. Thanks, so much.



ROADS OF RUIN. THE

Cheapness is not necessarily economical; in the case of the roads nothing but the best is good enough and seemingly expensive methods and materials are the cheapest in the long run.

THAT is to be done about our roads? And who is going to do it? So far as one can see, there appears to be no unification of effort along any definite line of activity. If we exclude new construction, the only "policy noticeable appears to be one of drift. Every local authority does more or less what it likes-or, more frequently, does substantially nothing. is an egregious discredit to every one concerned. And more particularly to those who should give a lead in such matters, and organise their evolution.

There are roads and roads—and roads that are tracks. Since the war a considerable amount of time and money have been spent on repairs. My complaint is that neither the time nor the money has been spent to the best economic advantage. And do not forget that it is our money they are spending—your little bit and mine. Surely, then, we have a right to demand that such moneys should be spent efficiently?

TAR SPRAYING.

First of all there is the question of tar spraying. When the idea was first mooted and practised, the scheme was good enough. It was a palliative for the dust nuisance. A comparatively small number of motor vehicles caused a comparatively large nuisance. In the interests of those causing the nuisance and those to whom it was caused, a palliative had to be found at a minimum cost. Now, however, things are entirely different. Motor vehicle travel is an item of our national existence. The roads, therefore, assume a status of national importance. The "botching" that was passably suitable in the early days is now palpably unsuitable. Yet we cling to it with our insular conservatism that seems inseparable from all governmental activity. The average individual gifted by Providence with a sound business brainbox is always years ahead of officialdom in seeing the need for adopting new methods to meet changing circumstances. It is

we who pay officialdom, and it is we who suffer for their lack of business

perspicacity.

Frankly, this tar spraying business should be as dead as the Dodo. It is an anachronism ill suited to our present-day requirements. As the old narrow-gauge railway track had to be replaced by the broad gauge permanent way, so must the roadway be made a permanent job instead of being patched up annually. In short, when a job is done, it must be done thoroughly. We have no room for "botching" surveyors. If they cannot adopt more up-to-date methods of their own accord, they must be instructed to do so. And now you will be wondering how many extra millions this proposition is to cost us. Can we afford it? As our American cousins say—Yep!

AN ECONOMIC PROPOSITION.

I am not an authority on road construction. Before handling the subject, therefore, I took the trouble to get in touch with people who were, so as to get the benefit of their knowledge. And that which I am now going to tell you about, is backed by their authority—and they are eminent civil engineers, thoroughly qualified to speak on the subject in hand. I am informed that in most cases it would in the long run—be more economical thoroughly to rebuild a road with bituminous material, than to keep on with the annual tar spraying treatment. Now this is a basic point which I want to drive home.

> Surely it must be a simple matter for the Ministry of Transport to come to a definite conclusion about such a statement. It must be either right or wrong.

For the sake of argument, we will assume that so far as our present knowledge takes us, it is a debatable question. Authorities may differ on the subject. The facts of the case may even vary in different districts. Even if we grant all these possibilities, one blunt fact remains. The truth of the

case can be got at in every case. I submit that the Ministry of Trans port (or its equivalent if and when the Ministry passes peacefully away should gather this information—and act upon it. It is my belief that in the majority of cases it would be found more economical to do the job thoroughly once every so many years, than to keep on patching up the surface every year or even more frequently.

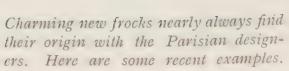
IMPROVED CONDITIONS. Of course it is not necessary to dwell on the advantages to the motorist when the work is done thoroughly. We all remember the hot spell last month when our tar-botched roads became quagmires of sticky nastiness. They Such roads are roads of ruin. ruin our cars, and if my information is as accurate as I believe it to be, the spell ruin financially. It must be remembered that it is not merely the motorist who is interested in this problem. And when I say motorist, mean the owner of a car, as every one is a motorist of one sort or another in these days of enlightenment. average taxpayer and the nation as a whole are vitally interested in the problem. Our future commercial development depends very largely on be road development. That must obvious to any one gifted with normal powers of perspicuity. Obviously, therefore, we should spend what money we do spend on the roads, to the best economic advantage. We must look forward. We must visualise the future and build for the future. Our pur view of economic factors must no longer be limited by a twelve months balance sheet. We must take broader and more up-to-date outlook. We must march with the times. must give up patchwork botching. We must make a start with "permanent ways" and permanent repair schemes. And the word "permanent" in this connection must obviously be translated with a relative interpretation. But that is the work before us. Let us see that it is done.

"GOD BLESS 'EM!"

FOR THE LADIES.

We will leave the technicalities of feminine upholstery in the matter of styles and materials to the imagination of our fair readers. To us they always look nice, and especially in summer frocks, and that is all that matters so far as we are concerned. These Paris confections are distinctly taking, anyway.





THE HUNTING OF THE GROUSE.

What To Do and What Not To Do on "The Glorious Twelfth."

By Captain T. A. Barron.

THERE is a certain proprietor of daily and other papers. He is rich but honest, and entirely disproves the oft-quoted axiom that evil is the root of all money.

But there is a dark side to his silver lining. He is haunted by a phrase which creeps into his papers every year on the Twelfth of August. Then he reads the annual article which always begins:—

"To-day the crack of the rifle will

be heard on the moors."

With infinite patience he has pointed out to his staff that grouse are very rarely hunted with a rifle, machine gun, high-angle howitzer, Mills' bomb, tanks, or poison gas. Or with a sword.

Perhaps some day writing folk who know more about self-filling fountain pens than hammerless ejectors will have learned, and then we may read:—

"To-day is the Glorious Twelfth, the day that makes the hunter's heart rejoice, the day on which the trapping

of the grice begins."

These thoughts sadden. We have profound sympathy with those who struggle with the intricacies of sporting technicalities, so, in the hope that this may be read before the Twelfth, the following information has been collected, codified, co-ordinated, registered for third-class transmission abroad, and all serial, dramatic, and cinema rights have been secured.

I. Although the plural of mouse is mice, and of louse lice, grouses are not grice. The plural is irregular. Two grouses are a "bag." A greater number may be defined as a "lie," a term known to golfers who after many strokes often say "lie as we like." Irregular plurals, such as that of grouse, are frequent. Witness house, the plural of which is flats.

2. The scientific name of grouse is Tetrao scoticus, but only those which are hand reared will answer to it when called. The shorter name was popularised by Sir Harry Lauder's famous song, "There's a wee grouse mong the

3. Grouse reside in Scotland, some

of the northern counties of England, Derbyshire, and other places. They were sometimes found in Ireland before shooting became the national sport in that country. They do not thrive in dry countries, such as America, and in their home in Bonny Scotland have been known to migrate from a dry district to a damper soil. This instinct is known as their local option, but as sportsmen also favour the more humid areas the grouse suffer.

4. In former times grouse were hunted like snarks, but this method and the use of bird-lime, the lasso, and grouse traps, were forbidden. Afterwards driving was introduced. Drivers are used to drive the birds from their tees, and the succeeding shots are made by the guns at the butts. The guns are double-barrelled. If both barrels miss, this is called a "double fault," and the marker scores fifteen points to the grouse who may make the next move.



It is known that some dogs have saved thousands of grouse and have been awarded medals by the Royal Humane Society.

Drivers should carry flags. Formerly the law compelled them to use red flags and made them walk a few yards in front of the grouse. The law the repealed in 1896 by the Act for Emancipation of Motorists and Other Emancipation of Motorists and Other Game. At the present time the men who drive grouse carry white flags in accordance with the terms of the Geneva Convention, which forbids shooting of men carrying this flag truce. Ill feeling is often caused but disregard of this humane rule, since the war most of the men employed to drive grouse have learned to themselves in when inexperienced guns are at the butts

are at the butts.

5. The term "gun" needs to defined. A "good gun" is you description of a man who invites you to Scotland in August, and his heir who does not is the son of a gun. A "bad gun" is the piece of cross-eye ironmongery with which you serve ironmongery with which you serve double faults to every dashed grouse in the hectic Highlands

in the hectic Highlands.

6. "Butt" is another word meaning of which is not self-evident. The earliest known use of the word was in Shakespeare's famous "But mo buts," and some sportsmen regard this as evidence that the greatest all poets regarded adversely the method which they describe as "hiding behind worlds."

walls to pot poultry.' The modern butt is a small boulder on a moor. It is usually inhabited by a sportswoman who sometimes allows one of her more recent fiancés to load for her and claim the grouse which other guns cause to crash or, more frequently, descend out of control. Some butts are beautifully furnished and decorated, and in dry districts are often provided with cellars. Sports men often discuss the best positions for the salients. Some think that the butts should be separated by distances of about fifty yards, but others, who understand the ways of certain post war sportsmen, think it safer to place them one thousand yards, or even a

mile apart.

Trenches in lieu of butts are very

sufficiency used, as the latter offer sufficient shelter from the attacks of the birds, and also from the shot of other "guns," providing the occupants keep their heads well down.

is another method of grouse hunting. The words "shooting ver dogs" are always used because it is dangerous to shoot under them, unless they are very high dogs, or have plenty of classifications. of clearance. Pointers or setters may be used, and of course everybody has heard of the Derbyshire "Peeks." Dogs do grouse Peeks. Dog the groused. grouse, as might be supposed. Indeed grouse coursing has been a forbidden sport for many years. The service the dogs perform is to warn the grouse that the guns are coming in out. in order that the poor birds can

cs. ape in time. It is known that groupe dogs have saved thousands of grouse and have been awarded medals by the Royal Humane Society.

Ferrets are never used to drive grouse from their burrows.

8. Shooting over Dogs (continued). It is not common knowledge that the Witd grousing," which the vulgar use phrase getting it off your chest, is derived for the polite getting it off your chest, is derived getting it off your eness, mologic from this great sport. Ety-

mologists have proved this, however, and most men who have shot over dogs can believe it. A sportsman must be almost superhuman if he does not grumble when one of his hounds frightens away a grouse Which he has been stalking for hours and which he hoped to be able to Shoot at quite short range while it was asleep on the ground. can Picture the tragedy. You see the "gun" Retting up very early in the in the morning in the hope of leaving house before the dogs have been called for breakfast. Very furtively, barefooted, in order that he may make no sound, the creeps out on to purply heather. Over the purple horizon peeps the sun. The joy of awaken-



At the present time the men who drive grouse carry white flags in accordance with the terms of the Geneva Convention, which forbids the shooting of men carrying this flag of truce. Ill feeling is often caused by disregard of this humane rule.

ing life and the lust to kill stir his blood. Every nerve is tense as he goes forth to stalk his prey.

He crawls over the heather for forty miles or more, scales crags, scrambles over corries, gullies, and gillies, caring nothing for sprains, scratches or fatigue, intent only on the blood of that noblest of quarries, a grouse.

With his prismatic binoculars he spies his prey afar. Now, indeed, the blood leaps in his veins. Almost he is

afraid that the grouse will hear the fierce beating of his heart. He quietens his nerves with aspirin and waits. Presently, almost inch by inch, he creeps nearer to the noble bird which seems to be waiting for his mate to bring his breakfast. A minute seems an eternity. Will the hunter get within range before the grouse wakes?

Another foot is gained, and then another. All nature seems to sleep. But, hark! What was that? With a muttered curse the hunter realizes that the dogs are loose.

Now indeed nerves are strained until it seems that they must snap in spite of aspirin. It is the art, the science, the in-tellect of the hunter versus the brute instinct of the dogs.

On they come, the dreaded hounds, with froth foaming, or

foam frothing round their fangs. "Oh, Nimrod! Nimrod! One more moment,' whispers the brave grouse hunter in an agony of dread. "Ten more yards, and I can blow that bird into thin spray.'

His prayer is unanswered. Even as he rests the barrels of his faithful gun on a rock to take steady aim the dogs reach the scene. Their hideous clamour wakes the grouse, and forgetting his breakfast and his grouse-spouse he wings his way into the blue ether.

Overcome with passionate disappointment, the sportsman raises his rifle—the crack of which is heard on the 12th. Against all the rules of the "game," he lets fly with both barrels at the winging grouse. It is thus that grouse live to breed, and bullet manufacturers earn dividends.

Another morning's sport is spoiled. Ah, well! The true sportsman learns to bear such disappointments with resignation. Very rarely does he shoot the dogs intentionally, for he knows that were it not for them grouse hunting would be but a poor sport.

we know that But sometimes he grouses, for how otherwise could the word have crept into our

language?





THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE CAR.

Some Hints upon Picture Taking and Making.

By Clive Holland.

"

NTIL I got a 'Kodak' on your advice," said a motoring friend not long ago, "I had no idea how much more interesting touring and the different places one visits could be."

This is, we fancy, a general experience.

But, alas! not every motorist (as prints sent in for The Motor-Owner competitions plainly show) who possesses a camera knows how to use it to the best advantage, or what to take.

The pictures that one gets oneself are always the most interesting, and when one gathers around the winter fire they are a wonderful aid to living "that fine run down to Cornwall, you remember," or "when we went North to the Highlands, what a time we had to be sure!" over again, with the scenes before us in our photos.

"What is the best size camera?" is a question often asked us. Taking everything into consideration, one cannot do better than a 5 by 4 with a good lens, and roll film instead of plates—the latter for three good reasons: their lightness, the fact that they can be changed without recourse to a dark room, and because they cannot be broken.

The motorist photographers we know divide themselves into two main classes—those who take too many pictures, and those who don't take enough. The first-named "snap" everything, without much discrimination, and take little care to obtain pictures. The second are lazy. They seem to think getting out the camera is too much trouble. They miss a lot of good things.

Dust is the enemy one must guard against. So always replace the camera in its carrying case (which is best made of stout leather) after use. Dust will "crock up" a shutter more quickly than anything, and dust such as one gets in clouds on the highroads will settle on the lens and scratch the soft glass before one realises it.

What should the motorist take? It is a wide question. So many

tastes have to be considered. We know one motor enthusiast who used up a gross of film exposures taking other motor cars! It was only an accident if he got a picturesque bridge, lane, or wayside inn in the picture He certainly had photos of almost every type of car on the road; but little else to remind him of a tour through the most beautiful portions of western, central and northern England.

There are so many delightful views, picturesque churches, historic manor houses, quaint cottages, and busy harbours scattered about the country and sea-coast that there is plenty of scope for individual tastes.

There is one thought that always comes to mind when we see an historic building: What is its story? This can be generally ascertained, and is well worth knowing. Then next we think: Some day this may be pulled down—as unfortunately have been so many historic houses of late years—or burned. It would be nice to have a picture of it. So out comes our "Kodak."

These picturesque abodes of ancient peace are often found hidden away along some by-road. Such is Little Worford Hall, a romantic and beautiful example of a sixteenth-century half-timbered house, situated a few hundred yards off the Oxford Road, near the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire.

Whitby is, of course, a photographer's paradise. It is one of the most picturesque of Northern harbours, and has possibly been more photographed than any other place of its size on the coast.

But there are many equally picturesque bits to be found all round the sea-coast of England, and subjects containing water and shipping are almost always capable of pictorial treatment.

One friend of ours specialises in churches. In his albums are some of the finest studies of architecture I have ever seen. Another friend has been to every cathedral town in the three kingdoms. The result is an

album of beautiful photographs. Many of them, taken under fine atmospheric conditions, are veritable pictures irrespective of the historic or architectural interest.

Yet another photographer in a call has made a hobby of photographing curious wayside objects, such as ponds, wells, crosses, inn signs, lych gates, stocks, curiously cut trees, and similar things. He has now quite a valuable as well as an interesting collection.

There are still many such memorials of the past left scattered in country districts.

Peasant studies abroad, of course, provide endless subjects for the camera, and even in our own land fisherfolk, and old men in the fast-disappearing smocks, shepherds on the South Downs and similar subjects, all provide material for the amateur photographer.

We have found the greatest number of spoiled negatives taken by motoriwho are not practised photographic arise from one or other of four chief causes: (1) Under-exposure. Chieff of subjects taken on a dull day, and interiors interiors. The remedy is simple. not attempt moving objects, when the light is dull, which need a rapid exposure. Give longer exposures interiors interiors. (2) Over-exposure. Men easy to correct than under-. It only needs better judgments. needs better judgment and more call to avoid this. (3) Poor points of view when obviously better pictures were obtainable. Take more time in choose ing your view-point; that is (4) Signs of movement. This shows that the shutter was not set at sufficient speed, or that the camera itself was not beld at a dill held steadily. The remedy is obvious

By the avoidance of these simple faults a far better average of prints will appear in the album, and much time and money now wasted will be saved.

The motoring photographer has wide field. He is a lucky person, and should use his opportunities with carrand discretion.

Our Photographic Competition. See pages 14 and 15.



BEFORE AND AFTER THE GRAND PRIX.

Some impressions of touring in France, and some conclusions which one drew.

E never have anything in England quite like the French Grand Prix. If you it is probably a question of temperament. We stolid English folk have not the "flair" or vivacity to repro-duce a French Grand Prix. As you already know all the main facts of the race, it may not therefore be inopportune to visualise for you some of the etceteras attached to the event. To start with, you have the little trip from E. that is from England. As you say—that is quite relations different quite obvious. But it is a different rip from the normal cross-channel voyage. In the train and on the boat, you have already the birth of the Grand Prix atmosphere. You hear the perpetual reference to shop. It is all a perpetual reference to shop. It is all around you. One cannot escape it. One does not want to escape it. This The is interested in the Talbot team. The other is waxing culogistic about the surety with which a set of Dunlop tyres will see a car through the whole The charming young lady op-Posite is the sister of somebody's assistant mechanic. And so on. All the keyed up to a pitch of excitement the culmination of long preparation in their respective spheres for the automobile Grand Prix, the Blue Riband of this vast industry.

You arrive at Paris. The porter you have come over to see your countrymen battle in friendly rivalry with his in the Grand Prix. The night in Paris. You go to the music-with an attendant. Does monsieur think the Talbot can beat the Ballot? très chic, so I satisfy her curiosity. a glance at the evening paper. More You like the typical heading to an interval Grand Prix. And incidentally how do article in the New York Tribune—Sixteen Gas Steeds to Battle for

Speed Supremacy." Isn't that just too cute?

Some Touring.

A curtain over the final coffee and cognac-an it please you! The next morning you wake with-well, you wake! That is all that matters so far as you are concerned, n'est-ce pas? You have a journey to make. The venue at Le Mans is 220 kilometres away. But you have a good friend in the person of Mr. Atherton Fleming, of the Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq Company. He has foreseen your difficulty and prepared for you a joyous way of overcoming it. You have only to run down to the famous Darracq works at Suresnes to find a magnificent eightcylinder Talbot-Darracq waiting to spirit you to Le Mans. You hail a spirit you to Le Mans. taxi, the driver of which gives you his own impressions of what Grand Prix driving should be like. You mumble a prayer which gets sadly mixed up with the simultaneous effort you are making to draw up a will on the back of an envelope. As you sign it, there is a scrunch and a shriek from the innards of the taxi and you breathe a sigh of salvation as you find yourself outside the portals of Darracq-town. Of course you have to have a peep round. And there is Mr. Clegg, the famous English designer of this hive of industry. A quick glance round, and for the umpteenth time some one shouts that we ought to be on the move.

"LE TICK-OFF POLITE."

We do move. We are now aboard an eight-cylinder Talbot-Darracq. How smoothly and with what imperceptible effort it devours the kilometres. Hardly have we left the glamour of Paris than we are confronted with the old-world dignity and seduction of Versailles. Of course we had to stop. None but the most deprayed could resist—time or no time. We are given half an hour to revisit this haunt of charms. We take three-quarters—and get "le tick-off polite." But once on the open road the trusty Talbot-Darracq soon makes good our

delinquencies. Over good, bad, and indifferent roads, the needle of the speedometer is rarely off the "60 kilometres par l'heure" mark—and the suavity of such travelling is astounding. On fast stretches, the needle is run up over the 100 mark. A late cup of tea (spelt b-o-c-k) and some more eight-cylinder road flight, and we are in Le Mans.

A CITY OF CARS.

But give me another moment before I take you to the race. Picture to yourself the main square of the townsome 200 yards across. On all four sides are hotels and cafés. It is the evening before the race. The cobbles of the square are hidden by a huge mass of cars and congested humanity. From every direction there is the ever present pip-pip or the shriek of the shrill syren as the cars come pouring in from all parts of France. There appears to be no more room. Yet they keep on crowding in from everywhere. The cafés are doing a roaring trade like the exhausts of the sporting models. The town is given over to automobilism. Every species of motor commands its quota of attention. A particularly "barky bark" and one of the racers enters the square. It is immediately the centre of a seething mass of interested humanity. It is the land of motors—the City of Cars.

And so the kaleidoscope changes continually moment by moment. In the early hours of the morning the crowd begins to melt. The garçons at the cafés are doing the same—it is a hot night. But gradually "one disperses." We raise one more "cognac et siphon" to the good luck of our British representatives. And so to bed—with apologies to Pepys, and dreams of the morrow.

THE RACE.

It is because you have already learnt all the salient facts of the race that I have endeavoured to give you a pen picture of the scenes leading up to it.

As you already know, Jimmy

THE START, AND-



The start of the race: note the clear scoring boards.



Corners were banked with soft earth to minimise skidding dangers.



Jimmy Murphy and his winning Duesenberg, after driving for more than four hours at a speed considerably in excess of 70 miles an hour.

Chassagne, at one time leading, gave up at the 17th round, the petrol tank of his Ballot having given out.

Goux, who finished third with his two-litre Ballot in spite of an injured wrist.







Do you know the way to BRITAIN'S HIDDEN BEAUTY SPOTS

THERE IS NO NEED TO ASK A POLICEMAN JUST GLANCE THROUGH THIS SUPPLEMENT

MOTOR OWNER ii

ON AND OFF THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

Hyde Park to Finchley (8 miles), Barnet $(4\frac{1}{2})$, Potter's Bar (4), Hatfield $(6\frac{1}{2})$, Hertford (6), Little Berkhamstead (5), Potter's Bar $(7\frac{1}{2})$, London (16). Total $57\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

THE Great North Road does not seem to have much connection with the "Britain's Hidden Beauty Spots" of the cover of this Supplement, but it is, nevertheless, crowded with romance from end to end, and if it has not many beauty spots in its actual course, full many lie-hidden to the average user of the road—just off the track. Who would associate romance with Barnet, Yet the with its electric street cars? fair, held annually early in September, has a long and interesting history, though the lordly motor-owner may not appreciate "all the fun" of the actual event. Yet it does one good to break away from one's usual environment sometimes; broadens the mind, increases one's store of the milk of human kindness, and generally gives one a better perspective for one's outlook upon life. And even "'Appy 'Ampstead 'Eath'" on a bank holiday has its lessons. So let us not despise Barnet and its fair.

Just as sprouts do not necessarily come from Cheddar nor cheese from Brussels—I believe the metaphor is, so to speak, entangled, but no matter; the meaning's clear—so was not the Battle of Barnet fought in the High Street of that town. April 14th, 1471, saw the Yorkist troops trouncing the Lancastrians at Gladsmuir—not so far away, it is true—and to-day one can find many a relic of those "good old days" when war was at least a human, and not a mechani-

a human, and not a mechanical and chemical, enterprise, in Barnet itself. Then, again, the beacon on the

the beacon on the church tower reminds one of those even better old days, when one's rural rates were not complicated and swollen by a contribution for street lighting, for that beacon was intended to light travellers upon their

way through the woodlands of Enfield Chase, and was a landmark for pilgrims between the abbeys of Waltham and St. Albans.

An you take this trip upon a Sabbath and pass through Barnet during the hours of divine worship, you are requested—and not unreasonably, methinks—to drive so quietly as may be past the church, which stands, foursquare, in the centre of the town. Your road to Potter's Bar runs to the right, immediately beneath the walls of the edifice, and it is conceivable that an open exhaust would prove singularly discommoding to the worshippers within. One should observe the

amenities in all things, and the motor owner causes certain annoyances unpreventably; he might, therefore, refrain from imposing preventable hardship upon his non-motoring brethren. However, that's a mere matter of ordinary, common decency.

Potter's Bar is one's next point d'appui, where one swings off at the war memorial—too recent yet to he regarded as a relic—to the right for Little Berkhamstead, passing Stratton's Folly, the story of which one may learn locally, on the way. The country, is dotted with similar "Folly's. They are representative of the good intentions which, paving the road to bankruptcy and not fructifying, become objects of wonder and derision to later generations. Shortly, one joins the main Hatfield to Hertford road, and, reaching the latter place, finds it a busy little town, but of little interest. Some slight relics of ancient

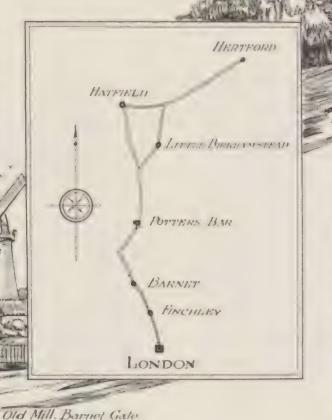
Hertford Castle remain, but I would rather regard the county town as providing an opportunity for a luncheon of other meal stop, than as a chance for sight seeing.

Hatfield, on the return journey, possesses the interest that the house in its beautiful park, now the seat of Lord Salisbury, was once a royal palace. James I. apparently preferred the seat of

the Cecil of that day—Theobald's, near Cheshunt—and an exchange was effected, and an earldom conferred in the process. The new Earl, of Salisbury apparently agreed with his liege lord as to the undesirability of his new acquisition, for he pulled down the building and erected the present mansion, the stables of which are the sole remains of the original palace.

Firations folly

The motor-owner's spare afternoon, or evening, would be well spent, and thoroughly enjoyed, in making this most interesting trip.



ASHRIDGE, IVINGHOE AND ALDBURY.

Marble Arch to Edgware (8\frac{1}{2} miles), Stanmore (2), Watford (4\frac{1}{2}), Berkhamstead (11), Little Gaddesden (5½), Ivinghoe (4), Aldbury (3½), Berkhamstead (5), London (26). Total, 70 miles.

SHRIDGE Park is a deer park, clad chiefly with beeches. It spreads over high ground that if not properly within the area of the Chilterns is nevertheless akin to those hills. It is graced by by one of the "stately homes of England," a rambling pile of pseudo-Gothic, with a beautiful porch under a square tower, and with, too, a graceful, slender spire rising above a private charal chapel, also imitation Gothic. The house was built for the first Duke of Bridgewater, an ancestor of the canal-maker—the "father of inland navigation," as he is commonly called—to

whom there is a high monument in the park. The imitation Gothic house is on the site of an abbey Bonshommes, an order that had only one other house in England. The abber was founded in 1246 by Ed-mund, son of the Duke of Cornwall, a brother of

the

Henry Third. Edmund gave the abbey a phial containing a measure of the blood of Jesus, vouched for by the Pope, and when he came into the dukedom built himself a palace near the abbey. Needless to say, the abbey, with so Precious a relic, grew rich, not to add that at the Dissolution the relic was Proclaimed a "fake"—clarified honey coloured with saffron. Cornwall's palace also has a story. After Mary's accession, her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was lodged in the palace, more until one more or less a prisoner, until one night after bedtime she was hurried off, under arrest, to the Tower.

The way to the old town of Berkhamstead, a stage on the way to Ashridge,

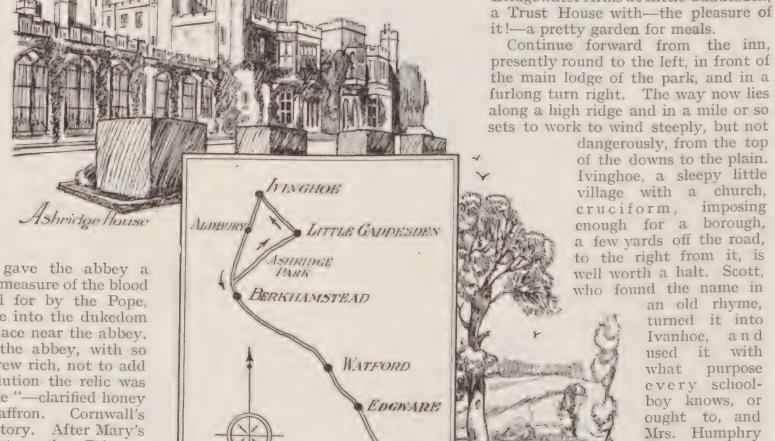
is easy to find, supposing you do not over-shoot the right-angle turn to the left, for Stanmore, from the A.A. telephone box at the foot of Brockley Hill, about a mile beyond Edgware. There is a little difficulty, though, in leaving Berkhamstead. From the church, on the right-hand side of the picturesque High Street, turn to the right, into Castle Street, cross the canal, at the bottom of the street, and turn right again. Also slow down, because in a few yards, from the Crystal Palace Hotel, you must take a sharp turn to the left, into a narrow passage under the railway. Beyond

the passage, on the right, are two roads, of which the farther one, with gate-posts but not a gate, is yours. It winds uphill to a cross-road on top of Berkhamstead Common, a breezy upland commanding a fine retrospect over the town. Having turned to the left into the cross-road, you will shortly reach the Peacock Lodge of the Ashridge Park, where, at the request of Lord Brownlow, you pay a shilling into a hospital-box for the privilege of using the park drive. Farther on the drive rounds to the right, passes the long front of the house, and then bears off to the left-right for Hemel Hempsted. In 200 yards or so, on a descent, bear left, and shortly after go uphill to the right to a gate, whence the public road to the left leads to the Bridgewater Arms at Little Gaddesden,

it!—a pretty garden for meals.
Continue forward from the inn, presently round to the left, in front of the main lodge of the park, and in a furlong turn right. The way now lies along a high ridge and in a mile or so sets to work to wind steeply, but not

dangerously, from the top of the downs to the plain. Ivinghoe, a sleepy little village with a church, cruciform, imposing enough for a borough, a few yards off the road, to the right from it, is well worth a halt. Scott, who found the name in

an old rhyme, turned it into Ivanhoe, and used it with what purpose every schoolboy knows, or ought to, and Mrs. Humphry Ward made Aldbury, where she had her home, serve as the Clinton Magna of Bessie Costrell.



LOVDON

Stocks at Albury



WINDSOR, ETON AND BURNHAM BEECHES.

Hyde Park Corner to Brentford (7 miles), Staines (9), Windsor (6½), Eton, Slough (2), Farnham Royal (2½), Beaconsfield (5), Uxbridge (8), Ealing (9), London (6). Total, 55 miles.

HIS route is comparable, in a sense, to the starting-place of it and the finishing. As London is overcrowded, so is the route—with good things. And if you regard the route as a skeleton and set to work to give the bones, body and raiment (as one may say) divagating here and divagating there, you may, supposing you are just an ordinary lettered Englishman, taking a reasonable interest in the high history and the great literature of your own country—you may, one says, even though you be not a ripe scholar, be

glad to follow the route over and over again. And not you alone but also the youngsters, with their strings of dates and events and kings, may be interested in the route, since on it. even the skeleton, are "featured" the

very meads on

which the bold—some of them bad, too—barons encamped for the purpose of bringing John to book; the island on which the shifty king signed

Windsor

away what he, as a strict believer in divine right, doubtless regarded as his birthright; the very royal castle-cum-palace where king after king from the Conqueror to George the Fifth has held each his Court; and those elm-shaded playing-fields on which Waterloo was won, if the word of the winner is credible. And if a-divagating you go, though it be by ever so little, you may find, between Slough and Farnham Royal, the country churchyard that moved Gray to his immortal "Elegy," as, cutting across from the Oxford road from a point about a mile on the London side of Beaconsfield, by way of Jordans

and Chalfont St. Giles—a very pretty, a leafy way, also somewhat narrow, requiring careful driving—to the Aylesbury-London road, you also may find, at Jordans, the unadorned grave of the great coloniser William Penn and, at Chalfont St. Giles, the cottage where Milton wrote a great epic in a crabbed fist. One might further enlarge on the body and the raiment, but space is limited, and, besides, the sun's shining, and the road calling.

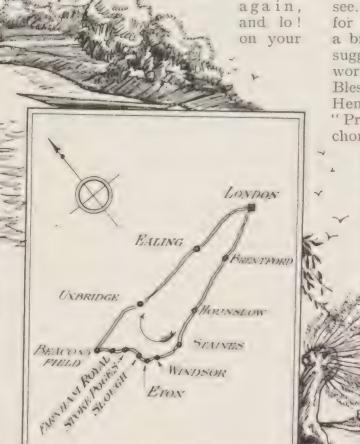
You cross the Thames at Staines, for all the world as if you might be intent on Southampton or spired Salisbury or old Exeter, but in a mile, from the near side of Egham, branch off to the right from the long road to

all those places.

Presently you

strike the river

Hove Staines



left hand, Runnymede, stretching away to Cooper's Hill, and on the right, Magna Charta Island, still at anchor in the great river. Shortly, if you keep religiously to the riverside, that inn of a dulcet name, the Bells of Ouseley, long famed for its ale, and, further on, after a left turn, a run across Windsor Park, with the road bisecting the famous Long Walk, as noble an elm-avenue as any in England. Then Windsor, a spick-and-span town, as becomes a royal, and the multitowered castle under whose ægis the town has developed. Supposing his tory is not in your line, even illustrated history, you still may profit by a ramble along the battlements; for the vicinity of the still history. the views-they are "quite English, you know," and therefore very beautiful, worth even so long a journey to see. Then Eton, twin to Windsor for the two are separated only by a bridge-with a High Street which suggests that "all's right with the world!" Here the "College of the Blessed Mary of Eton" founded by Henry VI so far back as 1440, for a "Provost, 10 sad priests, 4 lay clerks, 6 choristers, 25 poor scholars, and 25 poor men," better known as plain

Eton College and as a nursery of

aristocratic and high official Young

England. Then, on the way from

Slough to Beaconsfield, more of the

lodging.

England that is at once so very old and refreshingly young-only for this bit, Burnham Beeches, you must divagate. The beeches, even in 1737, according to Gray, "very venerable," are to the west of the road, in a region that, however circumscribed, is so labyrinthine that the stranger, exploring it may perhaps miss his way, though hardly his tea or



ON AND ABOUT THE CHILTERNS.

Marble Arch to Ealing (6 miles), Uxbridge (9), Beaconsfield (8), High Wycombe (6), Stoken-church $(5\frac{1}{2})$, Lambert Arms (Aston Rowant) (3), left for Watlington $(3\frac{1}{2})$, Nettlebed $(5\frac{1}{2})$, Henley (5), Maidenhead (9), Slough (6), Brentford $(13\frac{1}{2})$, Hyde Park Corner (7), Total, 87 miles.

)O many books and newspaper articles have been written in praise of Kent, Surrey and Sussex during this and the preceding generation and so few about Bucks, Oxon, and Berks that it might be supposed that these three westerly shires are featureless, both scenically and historically. It is a point—this literary preponderance, as one may term it—that a Bucks man, an Oxonian or a Berkshireman might be excused resenting, seeing how far from negligible is each of the three's county in the matters of scenery, of great men and great happenings, and of standing memorials of the men and the happenings. The Londoner who is a motor owner may, on the contrary, at times incline to thank the writers for their neglect, since it leaves him with, if not exactly " new worlds to conquer," at least a little world that is not grossly overcrowded at the "week-The Oxford road, of course, is freely wheel-marked—not, however, because Oxford is become as popular as Brighton, but because the road also places beyond Oxford, as Broadway and Worcester and Stratford-on-Avon. But such traffic, largely long-distance, is not nearly so highly concentrated as the traffic of certain Kent, Surrey and Sussex

roads, much of which is

"week-end." And so
one can take the Oxford
road on a fine Saturday
or Sunday with a sense
of comparative freedom,
without an itching to

"write to the papers"
to demand that forthwith
it be widened throughout
its length to the
width of its passage
through Beacons-

to a mer morth in 14 / May

A very fine width, that passage of the Oxford road through Beaconsfield—a noble width, indeed a pat-

tern. It may make one rub one's eyes and wonder whether Beaconsfield may not, after all, be in Lincolnshire, where, surely, land is cheaper than anywhere else in England. A picturesque street, too, is this old main street of Beaconsfield. But the church—what a tower, and what pinnacles! Edmund Burke, who lived and died at Beaconsfield, and is buried in the church, great statesman that he was, deserved a better mausoleum than this. Let us get on to High Wycombe, a town that, despite its industrialism—the industry is chair-making, neither dirty nor vilely scented—preserves a delightful 18th-century town hall and a little market-hall, arcaded, early 17th century. West Wycombe, farther on, is better, however, for it, only a village, remains

pretty much as it may have been in the days when Lordle Despenser, better;

known as Sir Francis Dashwood, founder of the Hell Fire Club, was practising his eccentricity on the church, pulpit-less, and the Dashwood mausoleum, both on a neighbouring hill. Here, at West Wycombe, we are among the Chilterns, which shortly, on the further way to Stokenchurch, we shall have to mount to the chagrin of the engine, if it be in an indifferent humour—by means of the hill that, called Dashwood, is become as notorious as Sir Francis himself.

Stokenchurch is a highly placed village, not, however, on the very summit of the road's way across the

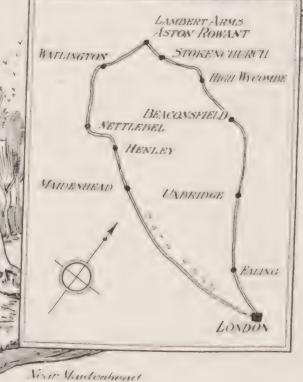
hills. There is still the hill called after the village to be climbed, then a falling road to the Lambert Arms, in the parish, but not the village, of Aston Rowant. There, from the hill, we turn left into a road that, heading for Watlington along the Western flanks of the Chilterns, in about 23 miles from the Lambert Arms and one mile short of Watlington, brings us

to Shirburn Castle, a square 14th-century house, fortified with a round tower at each angle, a moat, out of which the house rises sheer, and drawbridges.

Lumbert

The castle, set in a fine park, was held for the King in the great civil war until Fairfax took it, and its predecessor, a Norman stronghold, had also been in touch with history

From Watlington, on our further way to Henley, we recross the Chilterns climb Howe Hill, run along the tops to Nettlebed, and thence descend, through Bix, into the Thames Valley, for home.





PILGRIMAGE TO WINCHESTER.

Hyde Park Corner to Brentford (7 miles), Staines (9), Bagshot (10). Follow the Basingstoke road to a point one mile beyond Hartley Row (10 miles), and then bear left for Odiham (4), Alton (8), Alresford (9), Itchen Abbas (4), Winchester (5). Total, 66 miles. Bramdean (10), Petersfield (10), Liphook (8), Hindhead (5), Godalming (7), Guildford $(4\frac{1}{2})$, Ripley (6), Cohham (4), Esher $(3\frac{1}{2})$, Kingston (4), London (12). Total, 74 miles.

THERE is stuff for a "weekend," rather than an odd day, to this journey; running too, given blazing sunshine such as August often gives. Winchester, to say nothing of the attractions of the route, is a very proper objective of a pilgrimage, as distinct from an everyday journey, for all Englishmen who have a care for our "rough island story." Consider the city retrospectively and it will take you back, by true tale and doubtful legend. through the centuries of blood and sweat, fair deeds and foul, to those remote days when woad was esteemed a cosmetic and men worshipped pagan gods. Venta Belgarum, the Roman Winchester, was no mere castra. It was a colonia, as London, York, Lincoln and Colchester among living towns were, and Silchester and Wroxeter among dead; and if a great scholar is to be trusted, the Roman town was built on the site of a British settlement. Here, at Winchester, Alfred "sat in the midst of his 'witan' and sent forth many of his laws." During the reign of Æthelstan six mints were established here-London had but three-and here, too, was fought the famous duel between Guy of Warwick, champion of the Saxon army, and Colbrand, the giant of the Danish host.

The Cathedral, a Norman foundation, is the successor of a Saxon, in which Alfred was buried, and, after him Canute, who according to one old chronicler, hung his crown before the high altar, in vexation over his encounter with the sea. The Conqueror was crowned (for a second time) at

Winchester: so was Stephen, and so, on his return from captivity, Richard of the lion heart. Hither, from that glade high Stony Cross in the forest we

still cail 'New," "certain rustics" brought the body of Rufus in a cart. "the blood dropping from the arrowwound throughout the whole distance." It was buried in the choir, within the circuit of the tower, and when, shortly after, the tower collapsed men said it was an act of God, a judgment against the burial of so wicked a man in such a sacred place.

A moving city this Winton, this old capital of our Saxon forebears—a place concerned with kings and courts and parliaments and, therefore, the people too-in a place with a history as long as your arm. And moreover Winton has worn well. The history is pictured for us not in the great fame alone but also in a variety of other mediæval buildings. There is the hall of the King's Castle, and by Wolvesey Castle—the bishop's—you are reminded that often the shepherd would exchange cope and staff

for sword and armour. There's the College of St. Marv

the first of our public schools, the precursor even of royal Eton. Some of the College buildings are pretty much as they were on that busy day in the kitchen, when, in 1410, a pair of porpoises was cooked for a feast to be given in honour of a visiting bishop. Great man, great bishop, and great builder was William de Wykeham. He built and endowed New College at Oxford, as well as Winchester; restored, too, the Hos pital of St. Cross, founded by Henry of Blois, a Norman bishop, and added unto by Cardinal Beaufort, one of Wykeham's successors in the See of

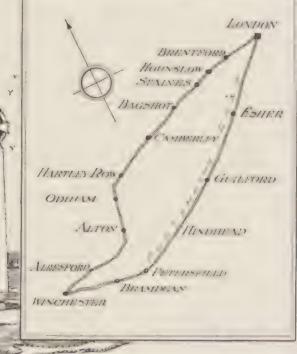
Winchester in the 15th century. The cathedral, the college, and the hospital, each alone is worthy of a pilgrimage. And whoever makes St. Cross his objective may well fancy him self more a true pilgrim than pretend when, at that Almshouse of Noble Poverty he is given his
Wayfarer's Dole
—a horn of beer and a slice of bread-according



to immemorial custom.

While in that town visitors should pay a visit to the park surrounding the bishop's castle, where a large number of head of stag-300 in prewar days-were kept in accordance with an ancient statute.

The return journey is pleasant, and very pretty scenery will be found around Petersfield, Hindhead and Guildford, the Devil's Punch Bow being a household term. It is well worth inspecting, and the great circular cavity, with its glory of heather, fascinates the observer with its hint of the eerie or the supernatural.



Cubbet Hill

A ROUND IN SURREY.

Hyde Park Corner to Kingston (12 miles), Esher (4), Leatherhead (6), Burford Bridge $(3\frac{1}{2})$, Dorking (2), Shere $(6\frac{1}{2})$, Merrow $(3\frac{1}{2})$, Ripley (5), Cobham (4), Esher $(3\frac{1}{2})$, London (16). Total, 66 miles.

THE roadfarer when he has won to the Bear at Esher and borne to the left from the great highway to Portsmouth straightway enters into his kingdom. For at that he is on the Leatherhead road—a road as delected. delectable as the place-name; a road that that, in the true Surrey fashion, crosses a heath—although the heath is dubbed (Ovehatt) (Oxshott) Common—and is unfenced from it, as is becoming to a properly brought-up heath road. Then, from Leatherhead, by way of Burford Bridge to Dorking, the road marches through the through a valley—the valley of the Silent, Mole—which at Burford the Cart is a deep valley, bounded on the cart is a deep valley, bounded by the east by Box Hill and westward by Ranmoor Common, each a component of the control of of the timbered North Downs. Up a lane that sets out, short of the Burford Bridge Hotel, to climb Box Hill stands Flint Cottage, where George Meredith lived and worked, and at the hotel Nelson stayed on his way to join his flagship before Trafalgar, and Keats rounded off his Endymion.

Dorking, into which we turn to the right, was famous in the 18th century and after for the sale of "an incredible quantity of poultry"; later, in the last, as the place of an imaginary battle that set all England talking; and it still is famous as the place where Mr.

Weller the Elder

settled down in "quite a model of a roadside Public-housejust large enough to be convenient. and small enough to be snug." One feels that Dickens might reasonably

have made the White Horse stand for the "Marquis of Granby," for it, now a Trust House, is in the tradition of English inns—bay-windowed, low-ceiled and in parts half-timbered. But who goes looking for the Weller house in Dorking now, however he may profit otherwise—for Dorking is a picturesque old town, a place for "bits"—goes on a wild-goose chase. Another hint: in leaving Dorking bear right-handed from the fork at the west end of the town. For West Street, into which the bearing takes one, gives on to the Guildford road, and the twelve-mile stretch



LEATHERHEAD

VERROW.

SHERE

B'IRFORD

BRIDGE

DORKING

COBITAM

RIPLEY

Church Style House

Cobham.

inn (as the Wootton Hatch) and there a pretty village (as Shere) and gracious too in the matter of views—is hard to beat, even in Surrey. The road, when it has shaken itself free of the street, first climbs through Westcott and then goes down to a bridge across Pip Brook. Short of the bridge on the left-hand side of the road stands, within a gate, a lodge. If thence you go afoot along the drive, a beautiful beech tunnel, you will presently reach the Rookery, a pseudo-Gothic house, stuccoed in a deep and narrow valley, richly timbered and graced by a

lakelet. There Malthus was born, but less, much less. for that reason than because of the beech tunnel and the lovely valley does one send you to the Rookery. And Wootton Church, to be reached by a short field-path from the Wootton Hatch Hotel, on top of a hill a short distance farther up the Guildford road. That Evelyn, the famous 17th-century diarist, was

there laid to rest may be nothing to you. Still, how cool the church! How restful the churchyard! Also, what a situation, what a view!

In Abinger Hammer, the first village beyond the Hatch, observe the fine sign jutting from the angle of a house on the left—the figure of a bearded man, aproned and in his shirt sleeves, in the act of striking a bell with a hammer. Note, too, first the one inscription,

"For you at home I part the day— Work and Play, 'twixt sleep and meals,"

and then the other,

"By me you know how fast to go."

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New FORD chassis, self-starter, dynamo lighting, right-hand steering. Underslung by Crewford process. New two-seater Speedster body, with dicky seat, hood, screen, Rolls-Royce Type radiator, aluminium bonnet, detachable wire, disc or Sankey wheels, of electric lamps, foot accelerator, necessary tools.

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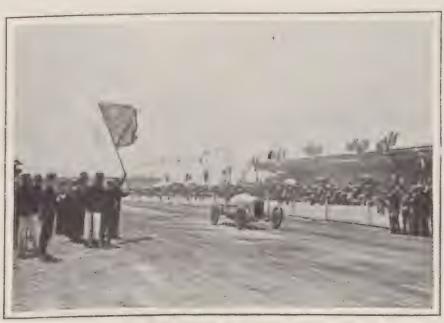
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——THE FINISH.



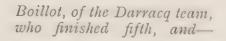
Chassagne's Ballot all out on a fast stretch of the course.



The Chevalier d. Knyff lets the winner through.



Ralph de Palma, who drove his Ballot to second place slightly under a quarter of an hour behind Murphy's Duesenberg.





—Major Seagrave, whose Talbot was ninth and the last car to finish.



Murphy won at an average speed of over 76 miles per hour, in 4 hours 7 minutes II seconds, but, while it appeared probable, it was by no means certain all the way through that he would win. Chassagne, for instance, caught him up about half way through, and the French spectators, who were naturally in the majority, nearly went mad. Murphy had been leading by about three minutes-mind you, I am not making the slightest attempt to be accurate to a fifth of a second or an eighth of a mile; if you want that sort of thing you had better go to the journals, either technical or lay, which catered for you at the time of the race.

Chassagne at that period was second. Then Murphy stopped at the pits. He changed all four tyres, and filled up with petrol and oil. The operation took him about three minutes—and Chassagne gained the lead. Apart from the fact that, lap for lap, Murphy had already shown his car to be faster than that of Chassagne, and so would in the remainder of the race automatically have regained his lead—apart from this, Chassagne himself had to stop for tyre changes and so on, and, as it turned out, eventually he was rendered hors de combat by a burst petrol tank.

An Apologia.

While admitting that the Duesenberg car, and especially that which had Jim Murphy at the wheel, was the obvious winner thenceforth, I do feel that an apologia for the British team is more than justified. The reasons for the withdrawal of the Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq team have been made public; the facts that neither cars nor drivers had had sufficient testing on the course were regarded as sufficient. Eventually, it will be remembered, the English amateurs, Mr. A. Lee Guinness and Major Seagrave, begged to be allowed to run their cars on their own responsibility. Acquiescence was given, and immediately the Darracq drivers, Boillot and Goux, made a similar request. This also was granted. But the handicap under which cars and drivers started in the actual race was severe—and simply this, that neither the one nor the other had had experience of the course except under ordinary touring conditions, and the ten mile triangular route had to be covered thirty times! Apart from the ordinary bends in the road, you can see those three corners! And, perhaps, in this apologia you will take into account the fact that Murphy's maximum average speed for a lap was over 80 miles an hour!

But the re-entry of the S.T.D. team was amply justified, and—it is not my opinion only, but fully admitted—given ordinary tyre luck at least one of the British cars should have finished among the first three. Lee Guinness's car, for instance, was delayed for tyre troubles a total of 38 minutes; Murphy, on the other hand, had a total tyre delay of about 4 minutes. Double this, and allow Lee Guinness a total of 8 minutes for normal tyre replacements, and you have the Talbot-Darracq running home 30 minutes before, actually, it did. In other words, it was quite conceivable that, even allowing for this delay only and not making allowance for the time occupied in decelerating to make the tyre changes and accelerating afterwards, the car might well have been among the first few instead of finishing eighth.

FOUR CARBURETTERS!

As things were, however, in common fairness it must be stated that not only were the drivers practically ignorant of the course, but even the cars had not been tuned up to suit it. The eight cylinders had four carburetters—and amateur motor-owners will realise the necessity for getting the four into tune. But these were fitted only two days before the race, and only two hours' practice per day was allowed. Still—here endeth the apologia!

Talking about tyre troubles reminds me of Boillot's wonderful change. He arrived before the stands, and stopped with a flat tyre. He and his mechanic jumped out, and from the time their feet landed on the ground to the time Boillot clambered back into his seat was just—II seconds! In 17 seconds the car was on the move again. This may or may not be a record, but the rapidity of the change was enthusiastically acclaimed by the spectators.

DURAY'S SUPER-SPORTSMANSHIP.

The most spectacular occurrence in the whole event was undoubtedly Duray's super-sportsmanship. Duesenberg No. 6 came into the pits for replenishments, and the mechanic was unable to restart her. He swung her repeatedly, and finally tried, unavailingly, to get a start by pushing the car backwards in reverse. He was beaten, partly by the heat of the day and partly by the enormous effort required, and as he fell exhausted a spectator jumped the rails, flung away his hat, swung and started the car,

and jumped into the vacant mechanic's seat. It was Arthur Duray, the famous French racing driver, and I certainly wish to tender the felicitations of The Motor-Owner to the French nation and to M. Duray for this striking exemplification of that spirit which we are wont to imagine is an exclusive British possession.

Apart from the fine sportsmanship of this action, it may be thought that, so far as the cold-blooded regulations of the race were concerned, it was not permissible. As a matter of fact, however, a change of mechanics is allowed under international rules, provided only that the second man retains his place for the remainder of the race.

The average motor-owner may imagine that the ordinary risks of the race were quite sufficient, but apart from these there was another risk which is not generally appreciated the risk of flying stones. Cars and drivers in such a contest are protected to a certain extent by wire mesh screens over the radiators and before the men's faces, but in spite of these, although it is a matter for congratulation that no serious accident occurred, several minor casualties were registered. For instance, a large stone went through Major Seagrave's shield and, glancing off the side of his head, hit his mechanic, and badly cut the latter's face. Lee Guinness was hit on the arm; receiving a rather nasty wound, and here is an example of the luck of war-Jim Murphy had an accident in the last lap which, if it had happened in the lap before, would have given the race to Ralph De Palma. A stone penetrated his radiator shield and damaged the radiator, and when he came in he told me that he was expecting to seize up at any moment through lack of water.

Too Fast!

There is no need to go into further details, for the result, and the analysis of the result, are no longer news; but, briefly, it is clear that the three-litre maximum of engine capacity, permitting a speed of nearly two miles a minute on the level, is too large. In future races cubic capacity will have to be curtailed, and, much as one desires to admire the performances of the Franco-British S.T.D. team in the face of adversity (mostly spelt tyretrouble), one is forced to admit that the best mechanical performance was put up by the two-litre Ballot, which was only 21 minutes behind the threelitre winner in a 300 odd miles race in spite of its one-third smaller engine.



WHITE WINGS IN THE SOLENT.

Of all sport, yachting may be judged to combine grace with excitement in greatest degree. Many a beautiful picture presents itself in the kaleidoscope of Cowes.





OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

The Nine Prize-Winning Pictures in the August Event.

> E anticipated that THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition for August would attract not only a considerable number of entries, but also entries of a high quality. And we have not been disappointed. As will be seen from the selections we have made—a task, by the way, which was more than usually difficult—the photographs sent in are of much higher class than usual, and they fulfil our ideal that while being good from a photographically technical point of view, they shall, if possible, possess a special motoring interest.

Sometimes a good picture may be spoiled by the deliberate and obvious introduction of a motor car or some object designed to connect the photograph with the motoring movement. Sometimes, on the other hand, the motoring interest may be the making of a picture which, so far as THE MOTOR-OWNER is concerned, is otherwise without interest at all.



Above: "On the way up the Brunig Pass." First prize, Mr. C. Uchter Knox, Alton, Hants. Below, left: "The Courtyard of an old Bucks inn." Second prize, Mr. J. Henry, Brondesbury. Right: "Near Danebridge, Cheshire." Third prize, Mr. H. Wade, Avondale. Lancs.

So we make no hard and fast rule. Motor owners are people of such widely different tastes, apart from their common liking for road travel, that almost any picture may be said "to possess motoring interest," and so the fact that a car is not actually present in the photo does not necessarily debar it from taking

a prize.

We hope that in September we shall have an opportunity of publishing a selection of happy holiday snaps. Photography, in conjunction with motoring, is more or less of an all-the-year-round hobby, but the amateur photographer is naturally in his element in the holiday season, and no matter whether he spends his vacation in constant travel or settles down quietly at the seaside with his children, he has ample opportunity to exercise his box of magic. Consequently, before the dull months of the year' come and we are more or less compelled to suspend the competition for a while, we hope to make a record for the





THE SIX CONSOLATION PRIZE-WINNERS.



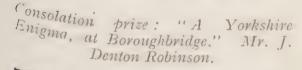
· Consolation prize: "The Modern High-way," Mr. E. Wilmer.



Consolation prize: "St. Gothard Pass." Mrs. Teevan.

two seasons during which the event has been running. Last year the weather was anything but satisfactory, graphic point of view, but this year it has been ideal for the picture maker see. we shall see what we shall

We said above that in a certain respect we make no hard and fast rule, but this is equally true in general. We insist that competitors must be there are no conditions whatsoever.







Consolation Prize: "Ancient and Modern—A Jowett car at Ahington." Mr. W. Robb.



Consolation prize: "St. Mary's, Bramber." Lieut. R. D. Morris, R.N.

Photographs should be addressed to the Art Editor, The Motor-Owner, 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should bear on their backs the guarantee: "Amateur and unpublished photograph by ——," followed by the clearly written name and address of the sender. The photograph should also be titled. Then, again, there is

no closing date. If a competitor desires that his effort shall be judged for some particular month's event, it is advisable that we should receive his picture not later than the Monday morning falling nearest to the 12th of the preceding month, but otherwise photos may be sent in at any time and will be judged for the first month for which they are in time. Photographs should be printed, for reproduction purposes, on glossy paper—either P.O.P., bromide, self-toning or gaslight.

Great North Road Hostel." Mr. J. D. Robinson.





A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

By Christobel Nicholson.

The methodically minded person is rather trying to the average individual, but in spite of one's dislike of him—or her—it must be admitted that in the upkeep of a car method is essential. Miss Nicholson tells us something about it here.

O you remember a song of the days of your youth about a Spaniard who blighted your life? Perhaps you don't. I do, because I was forbidden to mention his name, and also because I was severely punished for singing about him in the middle of a geometry class at school. Now, if there was one thing more blighting to my existence than that Spaniard it was geo-metry. I could never see the least use for it, and the last straw came when I was told by my pastresses and mistresses that "A thorough study of geometry would be effectual in training my mind in methodical ways.

That finished it. People with pigeon-holed brains are so unexciting, because they never do anything unexpected. Once upon a time I knew a woman whose mind was so arranged in shelves that she always ordered a veal and ham pie for lunch every Boat Race day. Heaven alone knows why she did it, as

she lived several hundred miles from the course—besides, there doesn't seem to be the slightest excuse for such unseemly behaviour even if you live on Hammersmith Bridge—but isn't it appalling to think that anybody's mind is so methodical that it can produce a veal and ham pie every Boat Race day without fail?

Race day without fail?

So I was really bad at geometry, but it, or something, taught me to realise one thing—that method is essential on a car, and especially in a case where you are doing either minor running repairs or making slight adjustments.

Nowadays there are quite a number of women who have achieved enough



Now, if there was one thing more blighting to my existence than that Spaniard, it was geometry.

mechanical knowledge one way or another to render them capable of keeping their car on the road without continual visits to the nearest garage. There are, however, really very few women who understand how to set about their job in such a way that they save themselves time, money, and anxiety. These "mechanics" muddle along, barking fingers and losing tools, important parts, and tempers. reach their objective in the end, but only after having taken several hours longer to finish the job than a woman who has learnt by bitter experience the value of methodical work.

Before starting any repair or adjustment the mechanic should provide

herself with various tools which are not generally included in the standard equipment of the car. For instance, a tin pot or janifar is invaluable; so is a slightly larger metal vessel with low sides (an old baking tin is ideal for the purpose). Add to these a pot of grease, some paraffin, a hefty collection of old rags, a toothbrush, an oil can (containing oil, not grit and mush as is so often the case), and all the tools out of the tool kit, and you are ready for action.

Perhaps there is nothing so important in the whole business of taking down an engine as a certain knowledge of where every part can be found when it is wanted again. It isn't so much the actual monetary loss which matters when a nut or bolt disappears. Far more important than the loss itself is the where abouts of the lost.

Suppose that you are doing something to your gear-box and you mislay a large bolt. You will go through agonies of appre-

hension until you have denuded the whole gear-box of its greasy, oily contents and have satisfied yourself that wherever else that bolt has wandered it is not lying amidst the gears preparatory to starting on a career of infinite mischief.

As you take down the carburetter, or whatever you may be attacking, wash each part, great and small, with the toothbrush and the paraffin with which the jampot is filled, then drop it into the baking tin there to await its turn when reassembling time comes along.

Now as to the uses of the grease-pot and oil-can. Their chief value is not, probably, one of immediate necessity,



except in those cases where they are called in to aid the removal of an afeguard against future trouble.

Even the most careful motor owner is very likely to overlook tiny spots cleaning takes place. These corrupting agents are hidden away in corners which may never see the light of day by the removal of some other part of appears the cautious mechanic will the case may be, and keep on with the remedy until the disease is cured.

Many people, I know, have a fixed impression that dampness, even oily dampness, should never be allowed near the outside of the engine, and this fear is fear is often the cause of under-lubridoes not all the cause of uncertainty it does not do to pour even the very best castor oil down through the cylinder head on to the pistons, but there are two of the more easily accessible parts of the engine which resent the pouring of oil engine which resent the pouring of oil on trouble. All and any parts which he ignition which have to do with the ignition must be kept bone dry outwardly, and the lubricated inwardly occasionally through those channels which are provided for the purpose. Rubber or leather driving belts, also, must not or oil driving beits, also, and grease or oil their dislike or oil, or they will signal their dislike of their treatment by going on strike and slipping until all the water in the radiator has boiled away and the dynamo has turned itself inside out.



The grease-pot and oil-can, not of immediate necessity, but as a safeguard against future trouble.

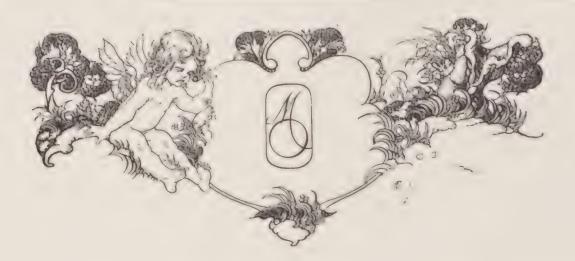
In order to protect these two parts from sharing in the general prevailing oiliness, the mechanic should mop up with rags any excess of liquid which looks as though it were coursing rapidly towards the danger marks, but on no account should the rest of the

engine be left dirty and rusty simply because the magneto cannot connect oil with well-being.

About reassembling there is little to be said except that threads should never be forced and nuts and bolts should never be over-tightened, although they should be quite secure in their sockets. An unwilling thread must be coaxed into obedience. It may need great patience, but you will win in the end, and it is so satisfactory to see the obstinate nut going home quite nicely and peacefully. The nut may be attacked with a spanner, butand this is a point which must be remembered-hand-pressure, and handpressure only, must be employed to push that spanner. Hammering on it will inevitably end in something being either strained or broken; and heaven help you if the top of a bolt breaks away, leaving the stem comfortably ensconced in the seating. I grant you that all parts of the engine ought to be so securely fastened in position that they cannot rattle off directly the engine is next started up, but, once having survived the first five miles or so of the testing run, all the movable engine parts will be automatically tightened into position by the heat of the engine itself.

When this point is reached the worker has nothing more to do but to replace her tools and equipment where she can find them when she wants them again, and method at the end of work will be found to be very nearly as valuable as method at the beginning of the job.

Car is a feminine noun-by popular personification. Why? One guess only!





COMPTON WYNYATES.

By Felix Rindle.

The Story of a Lovable Old House which really has a story.



The Gardens at Compton Wynyates.

OW here is a house after, one would say, all hearts—a house at once admirable and lovable, a house of brick and stone and good substantial oak, it is true, yet seeming more a dream than a hard reality. I shall try to tell you something about it, and our photographer will picture it for you; but neither I, with my prosy pen, nor he, with his box of magic, can hope to enable you to envisage this very beautiful piece of Old England. One may doubt whether, among artists, even Mr. Hedley Fitton might do it full justice, or whether, among writers, M. Maeterlinck could reasonably hope to succeed. They say, the cunning spinners in words, that architecture is frozen music. It is a pretty conceit, that saying; but only pretty, and only a conceit. And so, on second thoughts, one hesitates to apply the saying to Compton Wynyates. For Compton Wynyates is as far beyond

mere prettiness as the Ninth Symphony is, or the work of the firm hands (and mind) of M. Rodin, and, moreover, Compton Wynyates is no conceit. It is a fine house, it's true, and in our suburb would be deemed swagger. But our suburb is not an aristocratic one—it is, to state the simple truth, quite penny plain whereas William Compton was a very proper swell. One of his forbears, John de Compton—de Compton, you will observe—had sat in Edward the Third's parliaments as a Knight of the Shire of Warwick, and William himself, left fatherless in his boyhood, shared the upbringing of that prince who later became Henry the Eighth, Defender of the Faith and of a number of ladies—though each only for a time a distinction that was not by any means common to wards of the Crown. Indeed the two schoolmates "hit it off" so well together that the prince, after his accession, made much of young Compton.

Fuller has recorded that Compton "was highly and deservedly a favourite to this king, so that in the court, no layman abating onely Charles Brandon (in whom affection and affinity met) was equall unto him." And, "Nay," exclaims Dugdale, another gossip, "he grew in such farther favour with that K. that he was advanced to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher; and with the was a standard to be chief gentleman of his bedelarmher. bedchamber; and within three years after, in consideration of his good and faithful service, had a special grant to himself and his heirs of an honourable augmentation to his arms, out of the said King's own royall Ensigns and Devises; viz., a Lion passant gardant Or; and for his Crest, a demi Dragon erased gules, within a Coronet of gold, upon a torse Argent and vert." Nor was that all. There stood, at that time, at Hampton Lucy, about twelve miles from Compton Wynyates, a castle, called Fulbroke, that had belonged to John, Duke of Bedford,

STIRRING DOINGS AT COMPTON.

one of the brothers of Henry the Fifth, no relation of the Russells, the present Lands, no doubt, possibly messuages venery in the wide Forest of Arden, how, Henry conveyed the castle to the wholthereupon set to work a-building, with what result you may see—and, if

the finest thing of the kind in Westmorland. Yet neither Haddon nor Levens is really symmetrical. In both the outlines are finely broken, but the outline of neither the one nor the other is more richly varied than the outline of this old home of the Marquises of Northampton. Haddon, indisputably beautiful, is nevertheless all of a type, and Levens too, of a certainty very stately, is also largely according to the Civil War. On a Sunday in June, in 1644, after a three days' siege, a company of Parliamentarians took the house and garrison—a younger Compton, a round dozen Royalist officers, and 120 rank and file—with eighty horses, a quantity of arms and ammunition, and a sight of sheep and cattle and other spoils. They defaced the monuments in the church, and sunk some of them in the moat The



Compton Wynyates.

Compton Wynyates. For, it is said, much of the stone of Fulbroke Castle the castle had become something of Wynyates, a good deal of the panelling place were removed, intact, to grace the other.

late, the things themselves, zigzag and cable-twisted and what not, are by no means the least ornamental features of Compton Wynyates. They point towers, battlemented, and a gables, half-timbered, each tucked in between porch and towers, they also point—indeed they point, with a line, a house that one may incline to all England. Haddon seems symmetrical compared with Compton Wynyates, and so does Levens Hall,

type. It is very much more than the rough peel tower from which it originated, but for all that imparts a sense of "four-squareness" to this day. Whereas Compton Wynyates, as I have said, is a medley. The towers and the porch give the house dignity; the gables make it homely.

Men were building homes in William Compton's time. They had learned to lie on "four-posters," instead of "rough," and to exchange their day, clothes for night, if not to don "clawhammers" for dinner. Bosworth Field would still be in their minds, however, so that such nobles and other swells as built made their houses defensible, to an extent at any rate. Our chief gentleman of the bedchamber, for all his high æsthetic sense, and for all he was lavish of windows, moated his house beautiful and set apart a room 130 ft. long as a barracks. Nowadays the moat is for the most part filled in, but it and the drawbridge did duty in

next year, on a moonlit night in January, Sir Charles and Sir William Compton tried to oust the Roundhead garrison. They and their force crossed the moat, cut the ropes of the drawbridge, and captured the stables and other outbuildings; but in the end, after three hours' stiff fighting, had to retire, after suffering heavy losses.

Meanwhile the family had taken rank. The uxorious Henry's chief gentleman of the bedchamber had been knighted, for gallantry, at the Battle of the Spurs, and his grandson created, by Elizabeth, Baron Compton. The Queen visited him at the Wynyates—the name is said to be a corruption of "vinegates"—as her father had visited Sir William, and played fairy-godmother to his eldest son. The second Baron Compton fell in love with Elizabeth Spencer, only child of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, known on 'Change as "Rich Spencer." The lady was will-

ing; the parent would see young Compton hum-ha'd first. So what does my lord, the young baron, do? One fine morning he bribed the baker's boy to let him take the rolls in to the Lord Mayor's house. "No sooner was the bread out of the basket than the lady took its place, and Lord Compton boldly proceeded to carry his precious burden downstairs. On the way he was met by Sir John, who gave him sixpence as an encouragement to him for being so early at his work, and told him that that was the way to thrive. Lord Compton and the lady were duly married, but the father was so angry that he disinherited his daughter. The story reached the ears of Elizabeth. She laughed at it, as no doubt did " all the town." But whereas the town saw only the joke, Elizabeth foresaw, or thought (not perhaps unnaturally) she foresaw, an opportunity. In due season she asked "Rich Spencer" to stand sponsor, with her right royal self, for a child. The first citizen was flattered. No wonder! He would play godfather gladly, and as earnest of his appreciation of the Queen's thus honouring him would make the boy his heir. At this Elizabeth had another good laugh, for, as you will have guessed, the boy, who later came in for £300,000, a huge sum for those days, was the Lord Mavor's grandson.

Lord Compton of the bread basket later entertained the "most learned fool in Christendom "at the Wynyates, to wit, James the First, who created him Earl of Northampton; and his son, baptized Spencer, was visited by Charles the First. This Spencer, who was killed, fighting for the king, at Hopton Heath, left six sons, three of whom we have already met. A fourth, who became Bishop of first Oxford and then London, acted as tutor to Princesses Mary and Anne, officiated at their weddings, and crowned the former, with her husband -William the Third. Spencer, the eighth earl, played the wastrel, as did many other eighteenth century noblemen. He got rid of £130,000 in contesting elections at Northampton, and other big sums by gambling. Timber was cut down ruthlessly, and the old house was despoiled of much of its gear. "The whole church is, as well as the house, in a very desolate and neglected state," wrote a visitor in 1841, but not so would anyone so describe the Wynyates now. Both church and house have made what the doctors term "a good recovery." The lawns are clean-shaved, the flagged

paths kept free of weeds; the ornamental yews are clipped regularly, and the ivy, the wistaria, the roses, and the other creepers in which the beautiful old fabric is parti-clad are

carefully tended.

The house, built about a "quad," contains eighty rooms, and has no fewer than fourteen separate flights of stairs. There is not one only but several hiding-places, and of windows, according to a painstaking count, 275. In the days of the window-tax the number was reduced, 'tis said, to about thirty, but all have been reglazed. The stone porch, wide and deep, sports the arms of the eighth Henry, and you may also recognise, if you are up in heraldry, the cognisances of Katherine of Aragon and her royal mother, Isabella, as well as the Tudor rose. That emblem is repeated in the Henry the Eighth Bedroom, the ceiling of which is decorated with the arms of the various kings and queens whom the house has entertained. In the drawing-room, over the mantelpiece, is the famous crest of the Douglas, a wild boar, chained and locked, with . the motto "Lock Sicker." A smaller drawing-room, on the first floor, called the chapel drawing-room, has an opening into the chapel, so that whoever sat in the room might follow the service, as from a gallery-pew—a very convenient arrangement for such members of the Lazybones family as were visitors at the house and for Exclusive Persons, who, by the way, are not, nor ever were, royalties alone, nor even royalties and dukes. Indeed, you may find such persons so far down the social ladder as the rungs devoted to the smaller fry among the county families, and even so very far down as the greasy rung to which tax collectors

The Hall, with an open timber roof at the full height of the house, is a noble chamber. It has a minstrels' gallery, of course; a second gallery too—an addition, not original to the chamber—and contains a huge table, hewn, it is said, out of the bole of an elm, and used in the "good old times" as a shuffle-board. The King Charles Bedroom, appropriately enough, has a spiral staircase which downward gave access to the moat and in the opposite direction to an upper room, and from the Council Chamber, in the Great Tower, three staircases issue, all of them to a priest's room in the

And now to geography, of how the roadfarer may win to Compton Wyn-

yates or Compton Wyniates or Compton House, as the dream in brick and stone and oak is variously designated on the direction posts. When you have wound your have wound your way to the foot of the Sunriging the Sunrising—that hill for a great view that view, that very steep and winding gradient by which the road from Banbury to Stratford-on-Avon descends from the crest of Edge Hill to the Vale of Red Horse, that hill which in the early days of early days of motoring took many tolls of limb and of of limb and a few of lives—turn to the left at a right angle (as the single pad of telegraph wire does) into a road marked for Translates marked for Tysoe, Compton Wyniates and Shipeton and Shipston-on-Stour. This road, shaded by many ash trees, soon reaches Tysoe Church, which has a pinnacled tower out of which has a pinnacled tower out of which a blue-faced clock stares. The will stares. The village, long and straggling, the is nearly all of stone. Many of the houses are creepered, and as many as not are thatched. The road rounds to the right had to the right by the church, passes a clean-limbed elm, and presently reaches a huge oak. Its great squat bole is hollowed bole is hollowed out, and all the branches are gone; but there is sole sap in the tree, for the top of the bole throws out suckers, leaf-bearing, brave tuft of green. Here one bears to the right and to the right, and in a furlong or so, in from a fine upstanding ash, turns in that direction that direction, according to direction boards on the boards on the wall of a cottage on the far side of the far side of the mouth of the road. Farther on, by about half-a-mile, instead of rounding to the right with the road, one goes forward to a gate that gives on to a gate feld-The field gives on to a field-road. The fitter road is marked "private," but by the courtesy of the Marquis of North and cycle ampton horse and foot, car and cycle may use it. may use it. On the far side of the big field there is a second gate, beyond which first a li which first a line and then an avenue of oaks leads one to a very shapely, albeit old albeit old, yew tree in the south-east angle of Communication angle of Compton Wynyates Church. Here the road 6 Here the road first rounds to the right and then to the and then to the left, so revealing the beautiful old house, islanded in lawns set about, on three sides, with clipped yews, and on three sides bounded by high woody banks high woody banks. One may ramble round the house, see the dove-cot and the remnant of the the remnant of the moat, without let or hindrance or hindrance on any week-day, unless the owner should be in residence Lord Northampton uses the house freely in the hunting season—but can only go the only go through it on Wednesday's and Saturdays from 10.30 a.m. 10 12.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 or 5 p.m. 5 p.m.



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"Worth More Than Any Other"

SPEED AND SPACE.

By Capt. E. de Normanville.

Speed and space are the two things above all others upon a knowledge of which the expert motorist prides himself. How else could he drive his car? But speed and space are merely relative terms—it is, for instance, 50-odd miles to Brighton, and six billion miles to the nearest known star. Just read this article, and think it over.

F course I know it is quite wrong of me to write this article. But much of the joy transgressions! My subject is nothing it should be of interest to the average motor owner. Which of you dare say that we shall never discover the secret of Repulsive Relativity? I have sought it since childhood's days. And am as near attainment as when I started!

firmly believe that it Yet I do will be discovered eventually. And then we shall be able to motor to other worlds. To overcome the diffi-Culties of breathing and movement in these other worlds will be small achievements for man's scientific attainment by the time we have discovered the secret of Repulsive Relativity. Then why not look forward? Let us amuse our imagina-

Having prevailed so far on your good nature, may I put forward another viewpoint? mental tonic or better method of adequately appreciating our insignificance than by the

study of the heavens. desire to place before you in simple analogy a realisation of Speed and Space as it obtains in the Universe. We shall only touch on the fringe of our subject. And we shall by no means go to extreme distances. Just It is my because the account such facts to It is my hope to present such facts to you in a simple and (may I say it?) interesting manner. I know you do not want abstruse mathematics or technicality. technicalities. Just some approximate facts, then, without worrying you as

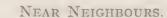
to the manner in which they are obtained.

HOLIDAY JAUNTS.

Now, when we have discovered Repulsive Relativity we shall probably discover a power for its magnification. The radiator of our cars will have to provide cooling for the heat generated by air, or etheric void, friction. There will probably be a universal speed limit of 20 miles a second within

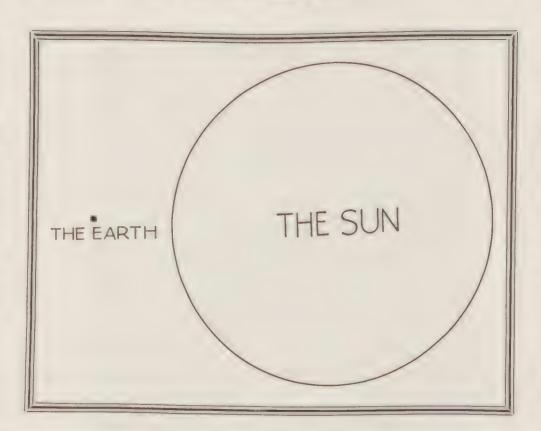
Speed, Space, and Distance, utilise a unit which we can appreciate. We have all seen the racing car hurtling down from the banking under the members' bridge at Brooklands to dash down the straight at 100 miles per hour. We will, therefore, assume that we have a car of supreme reliability. which is capable of maintaining a speed of 100 miles per hour, hour after hour, day after day, night after night, week after week-yes, and even year after

year-in following out our theme.



We of our world are but a very insignificant item in the universe. It is extremely difficult to get an adequate appreciation of the universe. In formation it is somewhat akin to an inverted saucer. Try to picture yourself standing under such a canopy of stars, and stretch out the size to anything which your imagination is capable of evolving. You will then have something very much smaller than what the universe really is. Right away in a distant corner might, or might not, be able to see a tiny little star shining, but looking

quite an insignificant affair by comparison with many of the other stars. Suppose for some reason our curiosity was aroused, and we had the ability to fly towards it. Try to imagine again that we were able to travel towards it at the inconceivable speed of 100,000 miles a second. In the course of some 200,000 years we might then begin to get near it. When we did so we should find that our curiosity was rewarded, as we should have discovered—the sun. Taking a powerful telescope to study it in greater detail



a radius of 50,000,000 miles of the earth. Otherwise there might be fatal collisions between the holiday tourists going to, or coming from, Venus. At 20 miles a second it would take you about three weeks to get there. I am afraid, therefore, that the speed limit would often be exceeded. Otherwise, even for a jaunt to this near neighbour, a long holiday would be necessary. But the human mind cannot grasp the real meaning of speeds such as 20 or 100 miles a second. We will, in endeavouring to get an appreciation of

we should see some eight stars like points dotted around it and (if we looked long enough) making circuits round the sun. One of the more insignificant of these little shining spots would be the Earth on which we live. Such is our supine insignificance. And, for all we know to the contrary, there may be other universes bigger than the one which we have tried to conceive. You will see, therefore, that even if we do discover Repulsive Relativity for driving our motor-cars forward we shall have to rule out of the question the more distant units of the universe, even if we could travel at inconceivable speeds such as 100,000 miles a second.

SOLAR SYSTEM TRIPS.

But, apart from the question of distance, we should not want to make any trips to the stars. It is only when we come down to our own tiny little

solar system that we find heavenly bodies which we term planets to which we might be anxious to pay a visit by car, equipped with infinite Repulsive Relativity horse power. Let me now try to construct a model of this solar system so that we shall get a clearer insight into some of the distances which we would have to travel. As we said, there are eight little points of light circling round the sun, and the third away is our Earth. We are to distinguish planets from the suns in the sky owing to the different source of their light. The stars, being masses of incandescent gases, shine with their own light, and the

planets only reflect the light which the sun throws on them. "twinkle"—planets do not. And now for our model.

MAKING A MODEL.

Let us go out into a big field. In the centre we place a tennis ball, three inches in diameter. That represents the sun, and for the purposes of our model its three-inch diameter is proportionate to the 860,000 miles diameter which our sun boasts. Try to get an adequate conception of that

proportion. Three inches on our model is equivalent to 860,000 miles. Put in another way, the diameter of the earth upon which we live (8,000 miles) is represented by a fraction of an inch. At a radius of 10 ft. from the tennis ball we should have to put a piece of clean white paper and make a very minute dot on it with a fine lead pencil. That tiny dot would represent Mercury, the planet nearest the sun. It is the smallest known, with a diameter of about 1,000 miles and a "year" of 88 days. You may have noticed that I speak of a radius from the sun, but really the planets move in orbits which are not truly circular. As a matter of fact Mercury is the most eccentric of the major planets. Sometimes it is only about 30,000,000 miles from the sun, and at other times it is nearly 45,000,000 miles away, extremes of distance known technically as Elongations. A

Aldebaran Betelgeuze Belt of)rion Rigel Sirius

> transit of Mercury will occur on May 7th, 1924, visible from the Pacific Ocean and Eastern Asia. On May 11th, 1937, Mercury will graze the south limb of the sun, a phenomenon which will be visible in Europe.

VENUS THE PLANET OF ROMANCE.

Venus, the planet of romance, is the next member of our model. Keeping to scale, it is placed 19 ft. from the sun, and is represented by a small grain of mustard seed on a piece of paper. The "Star of Eve" is just about the

same size as our Earth, and is cursed, astronomically, by being afflicted with a dense cloud-laden atmosphere. None the less it is the most brilliant object in the heavens, and if one knows exactly where to look for it, it can sometimes be seen in the daytime if its apparent position is not too near the sun. If we are to have motor trips to some of our neighbours in the Solar System, I should personally look upon Venus as one of the most likely possibilities. It is almost exactly the same size as our earth, and probably has a day very similar to our own. At suitable times the trip would only be one of some thirty million miles. 100 m.p.h. it would take us 300,000 hours, or nearly forty years, to get there—by which time, of course, it would be in an entirely different position! But granted the discovery of Repulsive Relativity and a speed of 100 miles a second, we could get there in about three days—with luck!

MARS THE MYSTIC. To return to our model, we should have another grain of mustard seed to represent the Earth on which we live, and it would be about 27 ft. away from the tennis ball sull. That 27 ft. would represent our distance from the sun, which is roughly 93,000,000 miles. Three quarters of an inch (=240,000 miles) from the grain of mustard seed, You would have to conceive an infinitely small dot which would represent the Moon!

We now go further out into "space" and leave our own world behind. We have to consider Mars. Its orbit is

some 45,000,000 miles farther from the sun than we are, and it is about half the size of this earth. In building our model, therefore, we have another pencil dot on a piece of paper, about 40 ft. from the tennis ball. Mars has snow-capped poles which can be detected with a good telescope. The snowcaps dwindle perceptibly during the Martian summer. There are also canals which can be detected in photographs, though whether or no these are the result of manual labour I venture no opinion. If there are in-

habitants on Mars, they certainly have but little air to breathe. They also have two moons and both are peculiar. One rises in the west and sets in the east, and, with the other, two days Clapse between rising and setting.

Out beyond Mars, and three or four times as far as the earth from the sun, We have to indicate the asteroids or minor planets. About a thousand are known and they vary from Ceres, which: which is 485 miles in diameter, down to huge lumps of rock five, ten, and twenty miles in diameter, all hurtling round the sun in distant space. Even the biggest is so small to our scale that it cannot be indicated. Ceres would be a dot of one six-hundredth part of an inch in diameter.

THE BIG PLANETS.

We now get into touch with the

larger planets, the first of which is Jupiter. On a clear night pick out the brightest "star" that does not twinkle. That star is the planet Jupiter. It is a huge affair, being nearly 1,400 times the volume of our earth! On our scale model it will be represented by a small marble 143 yards from the tennis ball sun. Jupiter has nine moons, four of which you Can see with a good pair of opera glasses. The next unit in our model is Saturn, the most picturesque telescopic object in the heavens. It will be indicated by another small marble 260 yards away from the tennis ball. Saturn is surrounded by a series of very beautiful rings, which can be studied with a comparatively small telescope. It has ten moons, the largest, Titan, being half as large again as our moon.

FAR AFIELD. We have now to go far afield. Uranus is the

next planet, and is 1,782,000,000 miles away from the sun. It will be represented by a small pea, more than a quarter of a mile away from the tennis ball—560 yards, to be precise. Uranus is about four times the diameter of the earth and has four moons. The farthest known planet is Neptune. It is about 35,000 miles in diameter and is some 2,800,000,000 miles away from the sun. It will be another small pea in our model and half a mile away from the tennis ball. So far as we know Neptune has only one moon.

You will see, therefore, that in our own particular little, system there are other worlds which it might be conceivable to visit when we can drive our cars by Repulsive Relativity. And now I just want to give you one example—by no means excessive—of the distances of the stars. They vary

enormously. In astronomy proper you do not attempt to give these distances in miles. You employ a unit of distance called a "light year," which means the distance light can travel in a year. The speed of light is about 186,000 miles a second, so one light year is roughly equivalent to six billion miles, i.e., 6,000,000,000 miles. The nearest known star is Alpha Centauri, which is a mere 26,000,000,000 miles away. One of the brightest stars in the heavens (from our hemisphere) is Rigel, which, however, is some 2,000,000,000,000 miles awaytwo thousand billion. There are others much farther, of course. But to give a conception of these stellar distances we will take a comparatively near star, of which you may have seen references in the daily Press lately-Betelgeuse. It is in the fine constella-

tion Orion, which you probably know, Betelgeuse being the star above the belt, and Rigel the one beneath it. Down on the west horizon (in the winter time) is the brightest star in the sky, namely Sirius, and out to the east is another bright star, Aldebaran, which will help you to locate Betelgeuse.

Now how long do you think our imaginary motor-car, going continuously at 100 m.p.h., would take to get to the neighbourhood of Betelgeuse? The answer is 740,000,000 years. And that, I hope, will give you some idea of Speed and Space—and our own terrible significance. The calculation is based on the minimum computed distance of Betelgeuse. On some of the more recent estimates, the time required would exceed a thousand million years!



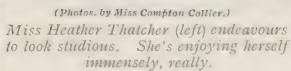
The original of this reproduction, painted in 1655, is a beautiful study in oils by the old French master, Eustace Le Sueur, and was recently discovered by a director of the Dunlop Co. The detailed similarity of the window, through which the figure is climbing, to the Dunlop tyre, is no freak of photography.

SOME IMPERTINENCES

No offence is meant and, we hope, none taken; but "close ups" such as these, while making pretty pictures, make one







Centre: Miss Winnie Melville doesn't seem to know quite what to do with the jolly old emblem of Peace.

Miss Faith Celle makes herself domestically and nationally useful. Consequently production costs have gone up.

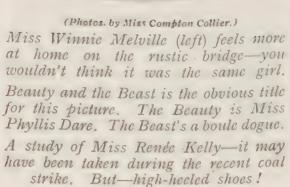


-AND THEN SOME!

wonder what has become of that vivacity which so charmed us last time we saw the ladies across the footlights.











HALF-TIMBERED HOUSES OF SHROPSHIRE.

Survivals of the half-timbered style of architecture may be found scattered about England, but probably no County contains so many picturesque and excellently preserved examples as Shropshire.



The Gate House at Stokesay.



Some half-timbered cottages.

HATEVER may have been the faults and failings of the architects of the sixteenth and earlier centuries, they undoubtedly had an eye for the picturesque, and knew how to so devise and elaborate their building that the memorials they have left are objects of admiration among the buildings of our land.

The originator, or perfecter, of the half-timbered style of architecture deserves to have his name emblazoned on a lasting scroll of honour; but that name and the names of his fellowlabourers in this fine craft have faded into the mists of obscurity. Their work abides, a thing of beauty through the passing years; but the master builders have slipped silently out of the memory of the world. Whoever they were, they must assuredly have been men of the western Midlands; for, though this style of building is scattered broadcast over our land, it is nowhere seen to such perfection or in such lavish profusion as in Shropshire and Cheshire.

Shrewsbury is rich in its wealth of black and white buildings. Lowly cottages of simple design, and with the timbers practically straight, the earliest buildings of this period, are intermixed with more pretentious structures of elaborate and artistic design, whose building took place at the close of the sixteenth century, when the period had reached its zenith and the day of the brick-built house was coming in.

A stroll through the main streets of this ancient town will offer an opportunity of inspecting every type of halftimbered house from the plainest to the most elaborate; while the narrower ways are delightful haunts of quaint and interesting architecture.

It is, however, out in the verdant meadows and in sleepy villages that some of the choicest specimens must be sought; and, just because they are out of the way and off the main routes of traffic, they are often missed by those who would most appreciate them.

Chief of all is Pitchford Hall, said to be the finest black and white manor house in the land. It lies back from the high road, half way between the London road and the ridge of the Stretton hills. This magnificent hall was erected somewhere about the year 1473, during the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses. Two wings adjoin the main building, forming three sides of a square, the whole worked in straight lines arranged at various angles, giving to the mansion a most striking appearance.

Queen Victoria in her girlhood stayed beneath this roof.

A portion of the old moat still remains on the north side, adding very materially to the picturesqueness of the view from that position

Within a mile of Craven Arms on the Hereford road, and separated from the roadway by a stretch of grass, stands one of the most imposing of the old crenellated manor houses in Shrop shire. It is Stokesay Castle, although "manor house" is its more correct designation. It was not built for military purposes; but being the home of a wealthy Ludlow tradesman, who considered both his property and his

CHESHIRE VIES WITH SHROPSHIRE.

person worthy of preservation in an age when plunder and pillage were the permission order of the day, he obtained mansion. Thus to Laurence de Ludof presenting to the interested gaze of finest specimen our land possesses of a fortified manor house."

year, and is one of the most elaborately decorated half-timbered houses in the kingdom. The Hall at Oswestry is another magnificent piece of workmanship, somewhat resembling Pitchford, but more ornate, and not so picturesquely situated.

Apart from these conspicuous examples, the traveller who cares to explore the quiet nooks and secluded

by-ways of Shropshire will be amazed at the many beautiful specimens of half-timbered cottages buried away among the trees and meadows.

Uppington, close to the London road, possesses a very picturesque house standing in close proximity to the church; while Tong, Upton Magna, Hodnet, in fact almost all the little villages, will well repay a visit.



The North end of Stokesay.



Pitchford Hall, Shropshire.

The house itself is mainly stone, woodwork entering into its structure at the northern end; and it is, above all, of the gateway that arrests the attention the lover of the artistic; for here style of architecture have produced a most delightful specimen of their art. house is loopholed for musketry.

The mansion contains a huge banquet hall 53 ft. in length, while in an upper apartment there is a chimneypiece of extraordinary hearty.

piece of extraordinary beauty.

The "castle" was surrendered by the Royalists to the Parliamentarians without a siege, and thus escaped damage. The order for its demolition was never carried out. Certain curtain walls were removed, and the woodfor the stone fortifications.

Perhaps chief among the well-known black and white buildings of the county is The Feathers Hotel at Ludlow. Situated in Corve Street, it is a familiar object to the thousands who pass through this town year by



Fish Street, Shrewsbury.

The long and beautiful climb to Much Wenlock is small payment for the privilege of viewing the old buildings of the town, especially the Market Hall, to say nothing of the Abbey, which, however, does not fall within this description of architecture.

Shropshire is essentially a county for loitering in, a county to be searched and explored at leisure, wherein long sunny days may be spent in a slow pilgrimage along narrow leafy lanes with or without map or compass, just following the winding of the ways and appreciating to the full the revelations that break with startling unexpectedness upon the eye at the turnings of the road.

Cheshire may dispute with Shropshire the chief claim to half-timbered magnificence, and her claim has very strong support, but one feels convinced that the impartial investigator who has made careful examination of the land of the Dee and the land of the Severn will give his verdict unhesitatingly for Shropshire.



THIS MONTH'S CARTOON.

Mr. Charles Bloch, of Bianchi Motors, Ltd.

OR a man who speaks seven / languages and a few odd dialects fluently Mr. Bloch is singularly unassuming. One would never guess that he spoke more than his native language—he is a Dane—and English, and it took us at least half an hour of careful "third degree" to elicit the few facts that he is 43 years old, that he came to Britain in 1905 and joined Friswells for the sake of the experience, where he worked together with his present co-director, Mr. Harry Whiting, that he was originally trained as a civil engineer, and has done some remarkable bridge and canal work in the far corners of the globe.

That, come to think of it, is all we got out of him concerning himself. The interview started rather unpropitiously, as a matter of fact.

"Well, now, what can I do for you?"

"Just a few facts regarding your career to accompany the cartoon which is being published as a supplement to the August Motor-Owner, please," we told him.

"Is it necessary?" he replied. "I hate talking about myself—and surely it's time enough to print an obituary after a man is dead!"

This was rather 'a shock to us. People are usually only too eager—but still, we found that Mr. Bloch was prepared to talk pages of good "copy" in regard to Bianchi cars, if he wouldn't talk about himself.

He told us, for instance, of how Mr. Bianchi started in a small way in Milan as a cycle manufacturer back in 1885, and illustrated the steady development of the firm—no war-time

mushroom growth, this—with pictures of the works at various periods of its history. To crystallise the story, from the 1885 cycle shop the factory has developed until now, apart from the many acres occupied by single-storey shops, the one four-storeyed building has a floor space of 50,000 square metres. The body-building department, a two-storeyed affair, has 26,000 square metres of floor-



Mr. Charles Bloch.

space; and the machine shops, Mr. Bloch says, are about the most extensive in the world, not excepting the mammoth factories of the States.

We ought to be writing about the man, but we are forced to tell of the car and the place where it is made, and in these days when assembling is an ever-growing practice, the complete story of the making of a Bianchi car is most interesting. For in this Milan factory the practice is quite the reverse. They stamp their own frames, make their own carburetters, make their own machinery in many cases, and, where necessary, even make their own special steels. As all instance both of the self-contained nature of the factory and of the results of the remarkable care that 15 exercised in manufacture, the case of a works engine may be stated. It was decided to replace a gas engine of well-known make by an engine made in the factory, and the new power plant has been running day and night for ten years without giving a moment's trouble.

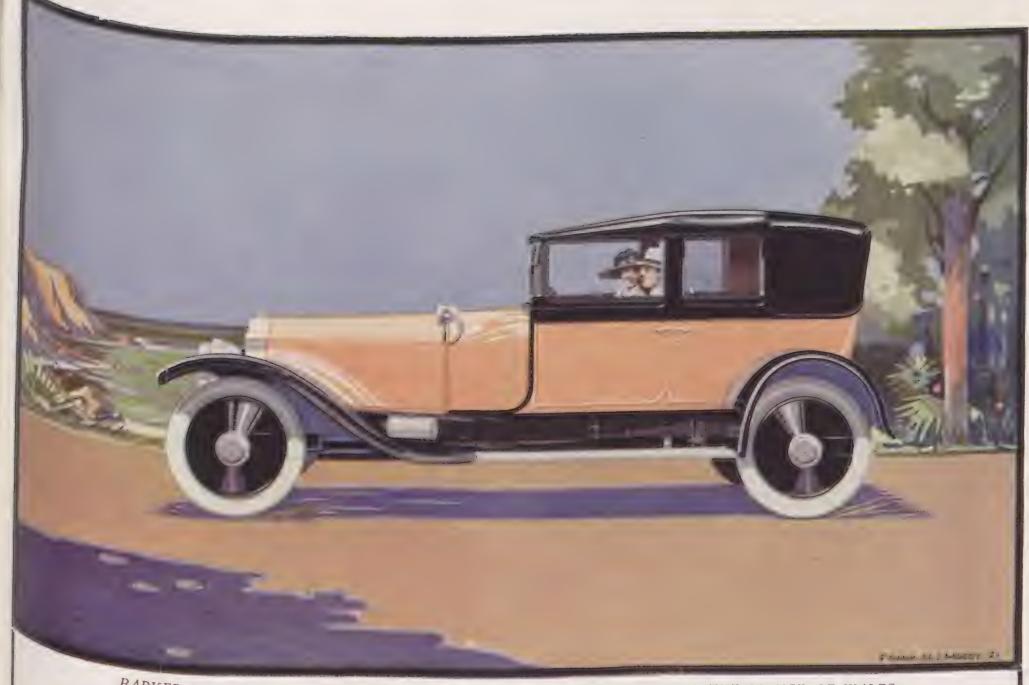
Needless to say, the same kind of work and material is put into the car as into the plant, and the fact that the crank shaft is so perfectly balanced that it is tested at 10,000 revolutions per minute before being built into an engine is illuminative. Balance, incidentally, is regarded as all-important, and even the road wheels are so carefully balanced that when completely shod and jacked up a wheel will stay steady at any point of its revolution regardless of the position of the tyre valve.



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Page xxvii

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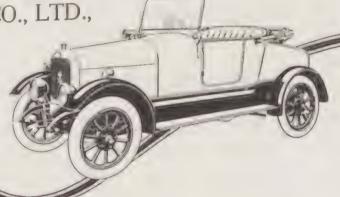
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Sankey Wheels: Our Car's Strong Point

No part of your car has to withstand such constant stress of sudden shocks and varying strains as do the wheels.

When a car is travelling at speed every irregularity of road surface, every carried react primarily upon the every swerve, and every corner negotiated react primarily upon the wheels with extraordinary severity: all this in addition to the burden of weight of the car itself and its occupants.

If your wheels are Sankey Pressed Steel Wheels there is no possibility wheels are Sankey Pressed Steel Wheels there is no possibility of wheels are Sankey Pressed Steel vy neels there is no per steel in wheel trouble. Sankey wheels are stamped bodily out of sheet steel in welded unbreakably into one. Sanker two complete wheel sections, welded unbreakably into one. Sankey wheels cannot collapse; they are rotproof and rustless.

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Page xxix



ZAGETTUREN DEN BERTERE FERREN FOR EN TERREN

SUNBEAM CARS REVISION OF PRICES

The SUNBEAM Motor Car Co., Ltd., announce that the prices of their cars have now been revised in accordance with the following list:—

Model								Revised Prices
16 h.p. Chassis	pel	per	~	per l	put	part .	~	£800
16 h.p. 4-Seater Semi-Sporting M	odel	ped		-	**	-	~	£990
16 h.p. 5-Seater Touring Model		e+	part .	pel	~	e=	pd	£990
16 h.p. Landaulette	pod	e=*	~	~	~	~	***	£1350
16 h.p. Saloon	put	-	~	pel	page .	pad		£1375
								24400
24 h.p. Chassis (short wheel base)	-		~ .	-		pud	~	£1100
24 h.p. Chassis (long wheel base)	<i>≈</i> .		~	~	~	. ~		£1125
24 h.p. 4-Seater Semi-Sporting M	odel		-	per	-	put	,	£1350
24 h.p. 5-Seater Touring Model		, ==	-	~	-	ent	-	£1350
24 h.p. Landaulette	part .	ped	-	**	per	***		£1675
24 h.p. Saloon	~	,	per .	~	pel	-	~	£1775

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The aimless, unfettered tour has its points; in fact, we have many times advocated irresponsible wanderings as being of supreme charm. But a tour with definite objectives such as this is equally worthy of attention.

HAT more delightful occupation can there be than the planning of motor trips? "Nothing whatsoever save the carrying of those plans

It is a pity that the fortunate of cases fair cars in so large a number of cases fail to carry out their expeditions, whether at home or abroad, upon a coherent plan. If they would only do so they would find additional zest in the the joys of motoring. Why, their pleasure would be enhanced by an additional work of the very additional 50 per cent. at the very

How enormously it would add to the pleasures of a trip through Normandy, most delight a trip through Normandy, most delightful of French provinces, if, instead of making their way, more or less aims less aimlessly, from place to place, they were to the way, and their way, men the w Were to map out a tour based upon the salient of William salient features of the career of William the Conqueror. They would have to make into that make some investigations into that length of books. lengthy but most delightful of books, Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, but I vow that if they once dip into the writings of that great nineteenth-century historian, they will not quickly lay those volumes

But to go back to the mighty Duke. There is, first of all, Falaise, with its ruined castle, where he drew his earliest broads. To this day does the earliest breath. To this day does the Norman guide, with not unpardonable pride, indicate to the eager tourist the birth room itself. It requires a certain amount of historical imagination to accept his statements, but, whether true or no, they make no difference to the charm which Falaise speedily throws upon all who visit the quaint old place. In beauty of situation it is fully the equal of many a town which folks cross the Alps to see.

Its two churches are deeply interesting, while the Castle, once the favourity, while the Castle, of the Norman favourite stronghold of the Norman Dukes, proclaims in every stone the essentially military character which distinction distinguishes Falaise in history.

Not very far away is that city of



The Castle Falaise, the reputed birthplace of William the Conqueror.

A corner of Caen, redolent of the memory of the mighty Duke.



beautiful churches, Caen, redolent with the memory of the Conqueror from top to bottom. William was, to say the least, a man of decision, and this quality came out not less in his love affairs than it did in his military and political exploits. He had fallen violently in love with his cousin, Princess Matilda. Unfortunately the lady was connected with him by ties of consanguinity, but for the prohibited degrees that stark bridegroom cared not a fig. 'Sooner than be parted from his beloved he would brave all the terrors of the Papacy, and brave them he did. For quite a number of years the young couple remained under a cloud, but then that most astute of Churchmen from the far side of the Alps, Lanfranc, one of the greatest occupants of the Chair of St. Augustine, determined to put a stop to all this purposeless going on. At the first opportunity he proceeded to constitute himself a *liaison* officer. Before long a satisfactory accommodation was patched up. William and Matilda were restored to the Papal favour, but they had to pay a price, and the price was those two glorious churches, one at the bottom of the hill and the other at the top, the Abbaye aux Hommes and the Abbaye au Dame, in which one sees two types of Norman or Romanesque architecture at their very

There is much to detain us in this, the favourite city of William the Conqueror, but as we are only concerned with his own particular in-dividual history, and not with that of the Duchy over which he ruled with an iron hand, we must pass on.

Near Caen is the little village of Dives, whence he set sail for England in that memorable September of the year of grace 1066. Like Pevensey, where he landed, Dives has long since been deserted and left high and dry by the sea, but it is a charming old-world place none the less, while its excellent inn is not the least of its recommendations.

Quite near to Caen also, though in a

different direction, is that most fascinating of cities, Bayeux, which would be denuded of at least fifty per cent. of its interest were it not for its memories of the Conqueror. His half-brother Odo, who played so prominent a part in 1066, once occupied the See. Bayeux Cathedral furnished the model for the subsequent constitution of many of our English ecclesiastical foundations, while architecturally the church only falls short of the first rank by a very little indeed. But the greatest of all the claims of Bayeux to fame is to be found in the historic tapestry beautifully set out for the benefit of us twentiethcentury pilgrims in the quondam Bishop's Palace. need not trouble our heads as

to whether this astonishing piece of pictorial history really was worked by Queen Matilda and her maidens or not. It is a study of absorbing interest. Look at the rude representation with the needle of Mont St. Michel, among other things. This Mount of Dreamland, the "Eighth Wonder of the World," played a prominent part in the campaign conducted by William, then only Duke of Normandy, with the aid of Earl Harold, the Saxon, against his troublesome rival, the Count of Brittany, cleverly described in the tapestry. To spend the day and a night on its, slopes is an experience which ought to be shared by all.

By this time we shall have penetrated into the far south of the old Duchy of Normandy, and we shall be well-advised to make our way almost in a bee-line for Alençon, an interesting old place with a noble church. It was the scene of one of those exploits of William which made the very sound of his name terrible. While we are at



A village street scene.

Alençon we must on no account omit a visit to the village Cathedral of Sées, not many miles to the north. The building is one of great charm, and the cathedral city which clusters round it is almost as tiny as, let us say, St. David's in our own land.

Many of the Conqueror's battlefields are still to be traced, and might well find a place in our historical tour, but



Mont St. Michel from the Causeway.

we must perforce skip over them and make our way to the extreme east of the Duchy, to the Norman Vexin, where Mantes rises so picturesquely above the river. William, in one of his moments of wild wrath, threatened to destroy the unfortunate place. But was as good as his word, but he sealed his own death war rant. Stumbling over the red hot embers to which he had reduced the place, he sus tained grievous internal in juries, the result of a blow from the pommel of his saddle.

They took the terrible old man back to Rouen, and after several days of mortal agony he passed away in the odour of sanctity in a monastery of St. Gervais. The monastic buildings have long

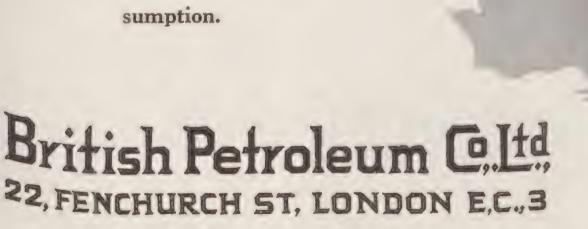
since disappeared, but right un derneath its modern successor one can still visit a venerable old build ing said to be the oldest church this side of the Alps. It is probable that William, at some time or other, actually worshipped within these walls. Here, then, did the mighty Conqueror pass away. They took him thence on his last journey to the great abbey which he had reared at Caen. laid him in front of the High Altar, and here did he continue to sleep in peace until his bones were violated, first by the Huguenot, then by the Revolutionary. All that was mortal of William, Duke of Normandy, was then scattered to the four winds. His tomb has disappeared likewise, and is represented to-day by a plain marble slab. But what grander or more enduring resting-place could any man woman desire than the noble church which for so many generations protected his remains and which mains in unsullied beauty to this very day!



MOTOR SPIRIT

"Be kind to your engine, use the Best Possible fuel — that is B.P."

Your engine is almost human, give it B.P., the essentially 'clean' spirit, and in return it will give you 100 per cent. efficiency in running, plus a noticeable economy in consumption.





Look for this Sign:



MOTOR OWNER 31

A STRING FOR YOUR FINGER.

To the uninitiated it seems a simple matter to loll at the wheel in lordly fashion and look with scarcely concealed contempt upon all the lesser fry of road-users. That isn't quite all there is to motor-owning and driving, though. Some of the things to be remembered are dealt with here.

"A knot in your handkerchief Brings your mind welcome relief."

ND so does a circlet of string on your finger, and even more effectively, since it is so much more readily noticed.

It would seem to be true that as our age climbs higher in the century our memories become less retentive. We find ourselves forgetful, and not even the annoyance that so often results is sufficient to cure the lapsus memoriæ.

Upon occasion forgetfulness does not particularly matter. For example, should one fail to dress warmly on a cold day the sense of discomfort brings a speedy warning. But—to bring the theme to the compass of motoring—a car, untended at some vital point, has no similar method of warning you, its owner. Its bearings may be getting hot, even to the point of running out, but, in the earlier stages at any rate, the driver receives no timely warning. For the car is an entity outside of and distinct from the man.

Obviously the logical outcome, then, is to think beforehand. "I wonder if the engine wants more lubricating oil," muses the car owner, uncertainly.

If he is wise he will not take a £50 risk by saving two-pennyworth of minutes. From his inner knowledge he will draw memories of what he ought to do. And the result will be happy, provided, of course, that his memory is reliable.

"String for your finger," of course, is metaphoric. But these lines may take its place by reminding you of some item of car maintenance which you had overlooked.

Knowing our readers' little idiosyncrasies, we have invented a substitute for the little ring. In place of the girdling string, we use white paper—white paper prettily speckled by ingeniously wrought symbols sparkling in ordered groups that gently waft a message to your iris. That is our "string for your finger," a modified

conception, as it were, of little Peter Pan since it has developed apace with Anno Domini.

Whatever it is that stirs your nomadic strain, stirs your car likewise. The soft May breezes lure you forth, an innocent pair of twins, even though accompanied by a delicate replica of the first lady gardener of Eden. And so you travel joyously, provided that you have not left undone what the car wants done.

You will, of course, have read with profit the advice of the tyre makers. They tell you where to get the best tyres—they even give you the address! Apparently there are quite a lot of very excellent makes, so many, in fact, that you can't very well avoid buying one of the best. Very good. But what of the care of the tyre? Here, again, the makers have done their part. They fashioned the article; they've got your money; and, further, most of them publish excellent advice upon upkeep. But it is you who have to use the tyres; it's up to you to keep the tyres in condition.

To be easy on your pocket there are things you ought not to do. "Don't pump your tyres too hard," says one



Don't pump your tyres too hard!

expert. "Avoid under-inflation," ob-

You yourself will be guided by your experience and wisdom. If the day is very hot, if your car is crammed with people or trunks, if the road is bad, if—well, half a dozen other things—you, a constant reader of The Motor-Owner, will never in doubt. All we want to do now is to remind you that tyres like attention. Cuts should be filled up, the covers taken off and rust removed from the rims, and so forth.

Straightening our backs after our hard work we examine our petrol system. Is the tank sound? Any sign of breakage in the petrol pipes? Petrol filler clean? Spare can of fuel? And so on. And have we got a spare jet, or the jet key at any rate?

Once more our little bit of string reminds us that there are yet other matters to watch. Inside the crank case is a hard working and valuable hydro-carbon called oil. On it depends the life of the engine. It is all very simple. Through the opening specially provided you pour oil to a certain indicated height. Replace the cover and the job is done.

Well, yes, but that is hardly all. Suppose there is a leak in the crank-case? The oil you so thoughtfully introduced will be ungrateful enough to seek to escape. The drain cock may have opened; a crack may have appeared in the aluminium.

Or the crank-case has not been cleaned out for weeks. If so, just empty it; you will be surprised at the thick, glutinous stuff that unwillingly flops to the ground, all its value as a friction destroyer gone. And don't let pieces of fluff or other unwanted matter get into the base chamber—crank-case, we called just now—for that is just the way get the crank-shaft oil passages choked, and to get also an unexpected repair bill of Gargantuan dimensions.

Finally, when you set out each morning on a tour, don't leave your wrist-watch in the hotel bathroom.

Take a Kodak with you

YOUR holiday is very near. If it were now, what would you be doing? Sailing-motoring golfing? Would you be drifting in a punt with a book roaming the downs-or wandering through lanes and woods revelling in the beauty of the country? And—would you have your Kodak with you to catch and to keep all that is best of these glorious hours of freedom? You are looking forward to your holidaytake a Kodak and you will always be able to look back upon your holiday happiness.



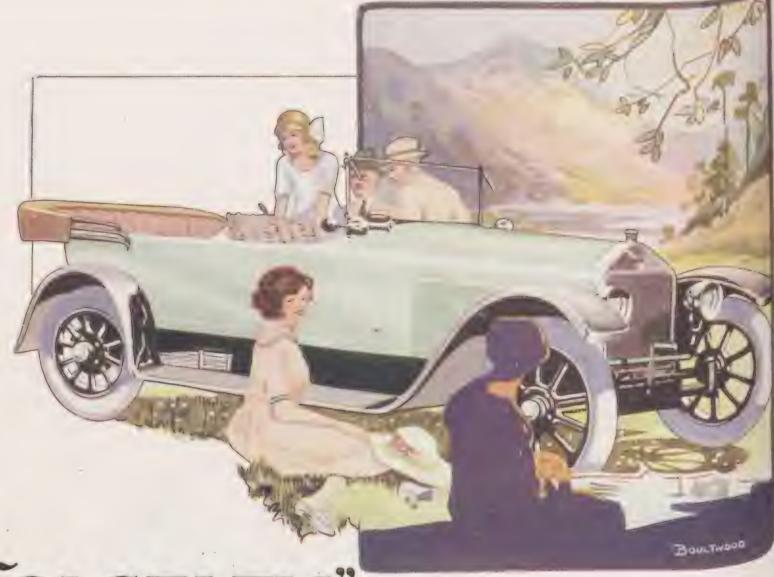
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To enjoy to-day to-morrow take a

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you the latest models.

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WOLSELEY **FIFTEEN**

has stepped at once into the very front rank of the world's touring cars. Its speed, hill-climbing power, and flexibility are the delight of every fortunate owner, and it is remarkably economical to run. It is beyond question the most successful car of the year.

> WE APPEND A FEW OPINIONS OF WOLSELEY MOTOR-OWNERS

> Ask us for Catalogue No. 39, post free

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM. (Proprietors: VICKERS, Limited)

London Depot: Petty France, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W.1

"Swinbrook," Burford, OXON.

January 2nd, 1921.

From LORD REDESDALE.

"It is quite impossible for me to tell you how pleased! am with the Fifteen. It far surpasses all my expectations some of the roads round here are in a deplorable condition, but you have to be in some other car to realise it. The way in which it climbs hills, without any question of changing down, is a revelation."

"Winscombe," Hall Road, WALLINGTON.
December 9th, 1920.

"I am an old motorist, as you know, and have driven many makes of cars, but your Fifteen has surpassed all my expectations, both for flexibility and smoothness of running, and power on hills. The springing is absolutely perfect, a great boon in these days of bad roads."

A. BRILL.

Heaton, BRADFORD.

January 26th, 1921.

"I have much pleasure in letting you know that the Fifteen I purchased through your Agent here a month ago is giving every satisfaction, and is fully up to all you claim for this model."

March 1st, 1921. "Further experience of the Fifteen car since writing you in January, fully justifies the good opinion then expressed.

T. L. RHODES (Capt.)

The Folly House, CHEPSTOW.

December 15th, 1920.

"The car has given me the greatest satisfaction, and is remarkable for its lively engine, quick acceleration. and power on hills. Silence and smooth running have, however, in no way been sacrificed, I am glad to say. The springing is particularly excellent, and is, I consider, one of the great features of the car.

C. L. B. FRANCIS.

The





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complete 2-Seater Car Electric Lighting Detachable DiscWheels

3-Speeds Self-starter 11.9 H.P. 4-cyl. Engine

Also four-seaters and coupés

DELIVERIES NOW

Their Reliability is proverbial Their Speed an experience Their Hill Climbing a Revelation

RELIABILITY. The attention to details and the exceptional precautions in manufacture, the correct distribution of weight, low centre of gravity and perfect springing, contribute to the consistent Road performance of TAUNTON Cars, which is real reliability.

SPEED. Although every Taunton Car will easily exceed the 50 m.p.h. mark, it is their wonderful power of acceleration and their hill climbing qualities which make their high average speed—the Road speed that really counts.

HILL CLIMBING. It is quite impossible to convey an adequate impression of the performance of TAUNTONS on hills. Ordinary hills do not exist for them. Exceptional hills they climb with ease and flexibility without the necessity of rushing.

ROAD PERFORMANCE OF THE TAUNTON MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE APPRECIATED

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Navy Blue
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Old Rose
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ANY thousands of women are using Twink with every satisfaction. A great variety of dainty and charming effects is produced by this wonderful preparation on all kinds of dress materials and home furnishings.

TWINK restores the most faded fabrics, and white materials will come through the dye transformed with complete success into any of its 18 beautiful shades.

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CLEANS AND DYES AT THE SAME TIME

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THE ECONOMY OF THE EXPENSIVE CAR.

Ву Екогориа.

The author's contention, in a nutshell, is that in the long run it is economical to purchase a well-known and proven make of car, even though its first cost is greater than that of other apparently similar vehicles. He supports this theory with facts and figures obtained from unimpeachable sources.

O make one's self popular with the motoring masses to-day it appears to be necessary to of cars and to demand still further "Ones."

Our cars must cost us less" is the parrot cry echoed by the popular press. I believe that readers of The Motor-Owner, which I have heard described as belong to a class that does not think that if a parrot cry is repeated right. It was a dumb parrot whom the sailor described as "a devil to think," and perhaps wisdom is often silent amid the screeches of ignorance.

I believe that the wiser and more experienced motorists, who are not swayed by popular clamour, have discovered that value and cheapness are not synonymous terms. They have realised that cheap cars may be very expensive, and expensive ones by far the cheapest in the end.

It has been my pleasure lately to listen to the views of some of these wiser and less vocal motorists, and I have found them interesting. One of them is the owner of a sleeve-valved car that is now in its tenth year. During its life it has travelled an average distance of about 100 miles a week, let us say 5,000 miles a year. In ten years it has

covered approximately 50,000 miles, which is rather more than twice the circumference of the earth at the equator.

The mechanical replacements have been one or two piston rings and new platinum points to the magneto—nothing more. A few shillings would cover the cost. The owner could not tell me the exact date upon which the cylinders were first taken

off for the purpose of decarbonisation, but he thought that he had been running the car about seven years before his curiosity led him to look at the pistons, and then he was sorry that he had taken the trouble.

The car cost him about £1,000 when it was new, and quite recently he was offered £750 for it. He did not accept the offer, but, had he done so, he might have said that, exclusive of ordinary running costs, he had had the use of a car with a world-famous name for ten years at an expenditure of £25 a year.

I desire to be strictly impartial, so I will point out that the offer of £750 must be attributed to the abnormal increase in the prices of both new and second-hand cars during and since the war. But, however we look at the question, we must admit that the car, which was regarded as expensive in its day, was a bargain. If it were worth only a quarter of its original cost, it would have given wonderful service at the rate of £75 a year above the amount spent on tyres, petrol and oil.

In sharp contrast are the experiences of another motor-owner who in the same period of ten years has possessed six different cars. His system is to buy low priced vehicles, run them for a year or a little longer and then sell them. He says that in this way he

"gets the best out of them and then sells to people who are looking for trouble."

He is quite convinced that he is a very knowing person, but I have doubts as to his perspicacity.

The cheap cars, mostly of foreign manufacture, which he buys do not give him real satisfaction. He never feels the pride of owning a really first-grade car, and, although he boasts that his method safeguards him from troubles and necessary repairs, this is not true. I have seen some of his bills for repairs, and they saddened even me who had not to pay them.

When he sells one of his cars after about one year's use he seems to think he is fortunate if he obtains a sum within one hundred pounds of that which he gave; usually the difference is very much greater. Moreover, he is constantly spending money upon "improvements." Almost every time I meet him he tells me of some new "gadget" with which he has been experimenting. One week he has bought a new carburetter and the next he is experimenting with aluminium pistons or he is trying a new clutch lining. His eternal discontent is of the kind that even the author of All Sorts and Conditions of Men would not have called "divine."

Now, I am quite convinced that this

motorist has, in the course of ten years, spent at least four times as much upon his hobby as his wiser brother who bought the best possible article in the first place. I admit that he may have found a considerable amount of amusement by experimenting with a number of imperfect cars, but he has had no permanent satisfaction. He has yet to experience the pleasure of handling an engine



A 30-40 h.p. Spyker—A fine example of modern automobile luxury.

THE GARAGE PEOPLE'S POINT OF VIEW.

that is the best of its kind, and he knows not that reprehensible but very human joy that is found by arousing the envy of our fellows. He has never been able to assume the Rolls-Royce look, or felt that delicious sensation of superiority over the rest of the motoring world which gives such exquisite pleasure to the owners of pedigree cars.

It may be said that the two examples I have given are extreme cases brought

forward for the purpose of proving my proposition that the most expensive cars are the cheapest in the end. In order to prepare myself for criticism in this direction, I visited recently a garage in a town that has perhaps as large a number of cars in proportion to population as any in Great Britain. I have known the proprietor for many years. He is one of the pioneers, and his memory of motors goes back to the days of the red flag.

He told me that if it were not for cheap cars his repairing shop would be closed down for lack of work. "If people bought only the best cars," he said, "most garages would be merely petrol and tyre stores. We should sack most of our mechanics and merely keep on a few car washers."

In addition to his repairing business this garage proprietor has a profitable connection among people who hire cars, and he showed me the vehicles that he used for the work. It seems invidious to mention their names, but, as I am trying to tell the literal truth, I will do so. One is a very handsome Rolls-Royce limousine (date of chassis 1912, and no trouble yet), and among the others are a Minerva, a



A Rolls-Royce Cabriolet.

Napier, a Daimler, an Arrol-Johnston and a Peugeot.

I made what I knew to be the foolish remark that these cars seemed too good for the hack work to which they were put, and the proprietor said, as I expected, that he could only afford to run the best makes. In other words, he finds it cheaper, and therefore more profitable to provide his customers with cars by leading makers than to let out for hire cheaper vehicles which may spend a considerable part of the time in the repair shop.

This appears to me to be sound evidence. The cheap cars keep his mechanics busy, while the comparatively expensive ones earn money by carrying passengers at the rate of Is. per mile, including interest on capital, running expenses and chauffeurs' wages.

My friend the garage proprietor showed me a Napier chassis which he had just bought very cheaply indeed. He knew that it had done very hard work, as it had seen service in France since it had left the works of the makers in 1917. Following his usual custom when he made a purchase, he had instructed his mechanics to dismantle the chassis entirely, so I had the

opportunity of inspecting minutely every part. I could detect no fault, and very slight signs of wear. It appeared to me that the work of dismantling and re-assembling was quite unnecessary, and that the car would have been quite capable of running another five years with practically no attention at all.

I mention the Napier merely because it was the one I could inspect most easily as it had been dissected. I have no doubt

that any of the other cars in daily use would have proved quite as creditable.

I think I will rest my case here. Perhaps some other motorist may like to attempt to prove that cheap cars are really cheap, but my personal opinion is—and it seems to be backed by good authorities—that the highest priced cars into which are put the finest workmanship and materials prove to be the most economical.

Many readers will agree, but will point out that in the present over-taxed state of an impoverished world very few people can afford the best. regret that I have to admit this, but for the credit of the automobile industry I wish sincerely that it were not so. To me it seems a pity that the very finest products of automobile engineering cannot be brought within the reach of a larger section of the motoring public, not by the fatal process of price cutting, but rather by an extension of the system of payment by instalments. If the cost of a really high-grade car, which would give perfect satisfaction to the owner for many years, could be spread over a comparatively long period, the desired result might be achieved.



The 40-50 h.p. Napier—comparatively expensive to purchase but cheap to maintain.

TYRES RAPSON BEST VALUE. GIVE BEST SERVICE



THAT TELLS! TESTIMONY

The following letter was published in "The Autocar," of July 9, 1921.

"UNPUNCTURED TYRES

"[28486.]—I have just returned from a three months' trip on the Continent of Europe, and having on that trip done 4,800 miles I have now brought my car home, and in the next few weeks propose running another 3,000 to 3,500 miles over all kinds of American and Canadian roads, where in the past my troubles have been so bad and so frequent that I had entirely given up motoring except in the city.

"The trip in Europe that I have just completed has been a revelation to me. If fervent blessings do anyone any good, Mr. Rapson ought to live for ever, as I have blessed him not once but fifty times a day throughout the tour. My car is a very heavy-bodied Daimler Six. I had it shod with Rapson tyres at the end of March of this year. I tested the tyres first by driving from London to Brighton, to Gloucester, to Harrogate, to London, about 700 miles all told, by roads that certainly embraced all kinds of surface, from good to downright bad. I then had sufficient confidence in the tyres to go to the Continent. Once there, I drove all over the battle fronts of France and Belgium—Boulogne, Ostend, Dixmude. Bethune. Arras. Bapaume, and down to the Chemin des Dixmude, Bethune, Arras, Bapaume, and down to the Chemin des

Dames, up into the occupied territory and back again, and my speedometer-reading was then 4,800 miles. I never had one moment's trouble from start to finish; and, looking back on the roads I travelled, I still regard it as a miracle.

"Your readers hardly need to be told what the battlefield roads and the pave of France and Belgium are like, but they are certainly calculated to provide an average of ten punctures a day, and I had none in three months. In addition to that, there was a very marked difference in the comfort of riding over the terrible bumps and jolts encountered, and to test this I twice hired cars for short trips and then drove over the same road with my own car. The result was astonishing. This I take to be due to being able to run on a 50 lb. pressure with Rapson tyres. My tyres look very little the worse for wear and, owing to the even way the tread wears across its width, they still possess their really wonderful non-skid properties.

"I now face my coming trip with absolute equanimity, and expect to report similar good fortune the whole time.
"E. S. H. Killick.

"Montreal, Canada."

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M.O. 4

MOTOR OWNER

THE EYE THAT SEES.

To the Eye that Sees the roads and their accessories—the very scenery, in fact—shout aloud their information, and one does not need to be a black tracker or a boy scout to understand the signs. Some useful hints are given here.

O get to our destination is the aim of most of us, for none of us can be dilettante for ever.

And it is this month in particular when we embark in the car with an object, for holidays aimlessly spent are little better than no holiday at all.

And why should we not have a definite destination? There is quite a lot of pleasure in poring over guide books and maps beforehand, for even in motoring anticipation occasionally outweighs realisation. Your silent mentor draws attention to this sight and that, to a charming alternative or additional route, or gives you ideas improved on your own. With a map before you you skim from county to county, gathering so many suggestions that a choice often becomes difficult.

But the aimless party in a car is pitiable. About a previous decision is something that lends us moral support, preventing those doubts that leave an uneasiness at the back of one's mind. Not, of course, that one should never amend a decision—the car may have travelled so well, or the destination may prove unattractive; in such a case an additional lap is sound sense. But this is very different from the habit of procrastination—"to-morrowing," if you want the Old Latin's liberal English. We will assume, then, that the party is agreed on each day's tour-a good plan, moreover, in case they get separated en route. The first step taken, the next follows. It is to make humanly certain that nothing will disarrange your programme. You may be en villeggiatura, but the car is not-it has, on the contrary, to work hard. Its tyres, for example, growing thinner daily, will need replacing or repairing. For this money must be expended either on spares or on the road. And as long as metal is prone

to fracture without warning, the various articles that experience shows likely to be needed must be carried. Nor is it wise to take the whole of the fuel in the tank. A broken petrol pipe is a potent dispeller of plans.

But at last we are off, off with the car and ourselves provided against reasonable contingencies. Surely all is well now?

It is; but with movement come fresh problems. You desire a particular goal—very well, it is for you to find it. The car is in one thing inferior to the horse—without human control it will go wrong more readily than right.

"But," you object, "I don't know the road properly; I've merely got a general idea, and before now I've gone wrong pretty badly. It's absurd to expect me to be absolutely certain of getting to my destination."

And no doubt it is, for too many of us are strangely lacking in roadcraft. Have you, for example, ever thought of little things such as those I am now about to mention—details of uncommon assistance in finding the way?

Your road twists a good deal, and you lose your sense of direction. At a fork you are perhaps in doubt; you take a chance, and you go astray. But, now, look closely at your map. It is true the fork may not even be notified thereon, or the junction may be obliterated by a fold in the paper.

But what are these various colours, these shadings, these odd little signs? Have you grasped that green means, say, 500 ft. above sea level, that red is less? What is easier, then, than to tell—as long as you keep a record of your distance—whether you are right or not? You notice by the map that your route ascends from one particular milestone to another. So, if you find the contrary on the road, you have erred.

Again, your route after leaving a certain village bears due east. You probably have no compass on board, or if you have you forget to use it. But in the former event you can make one with a nail and a piece of string, or with a pin floating on water. And there is the sun. You know the hour, and from that can find your orientation. Or if it is obscured, the moss on the trees, the way streams run, or, if you have read the weather forecasts, the direction of the wind or clouds, all

have their message.

Failing these, telephone wires indicate direction. I have heard it asserted that the cross-bars on the poles always face the nearest large town. That suggestion may be of value; but at any rate your map will often indicate wires on one road and not on another.

In a railway track we have another guide; also in the warnings against excessive loads erected on bridges by local councils. They invariably state the county. Other landmarks are reservoirs and lakes, steeples, woods, and even the character of the soil. You cannot, of course, always deduce your position from the road itself, since it is probably built with imported material. But what of the cuttings it passes through, of the fields along side? To the man with the eye that sees they carry their own message.



Good luck and a safe finish!!

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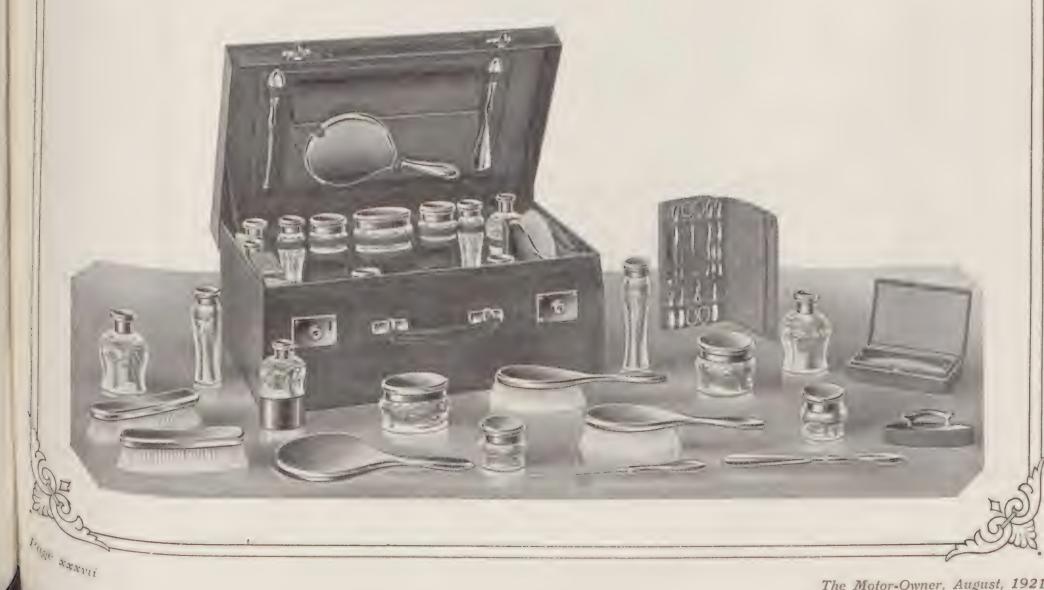


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MY LOG BOOK.

By Hermes.

On the virtues of moderate-sized cars, whose rating is but the promise of achievements that exceed what one anticipates. Interesting information re the Horstmann, Vauxhall and A.A. How the motorist is safeguarded, and something about what we owe to go-ahead makers and our presiding deities.

I know anything of human nature the holiday season will bring its full quota of "fisherman's yarns." That the subject is an ordinary car matters not, the more especially as so many motorists they happen to own is far removed from the mediocre.

Yet not all "tall stories" are a delicate inflation of the truth." You will recollect laudable things the done, or the recent covering of 58 miles by a privately-owned A.C. on just four quarts of petrol. To dwell to dwell exhaustively on this topic would be so long ago was something of a wonder-exciting nature is to-day almost expected.

Amongst other recent price reductions are those of Rapson tyres, the amount of which is substantial; of the

Beardmore "Eleven," and of National benzole, the latter costing 2s. 111d. per gallon retail; the Beardmore chassis is now £40 less, while both twoseaters and four-seaters are reduced by £90; the Waverley, chassis price now £500, 4-seater touring service model—£595, and the 2-3-seater interior drive drive coupe model de luxe, £750; the Paige 20-25 Glenbrook 6 cylinder touring car now priced at £650, and the 25-30 (, cylinder (7-seater touring model) reduced to

Another moderatepriced car I have recently
heard eulogised is the
12 h.p. Rover, one of
which covered 3,000 miles
in twenty-two running
days, from Dieppe to Biarritz, via the Auvergnes
and the Pyrenees, Pau,

Marseilles, and North Italy, and back to Dieppe. In spite of its four passengers and considerable luggage, the car needed no attention beyond the necessary greasing and fuel replenishment.

"I feel that the Maxwell offers a wonderful opportunity. It is too early to make any announcement of detail policies, but the public can be assured that the new goodness of the good Maxwell will continue to be developed in a way that will be highly satisfactory to the buyers of our product." So spoke Mr. William Robert Wilson, the new president of the Maxwell Motor Corporation, who assumed his duties on June 16th last and is now at the Detroit plant of the company, in active direction of Maxwell affairs.

I am asked to make two denials and a correction—one, that the Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley are American, a rumour that is wholly unfounded, seeing they are made throughout in England; two, that the Horstmann is

German. The double n being the cause of the rumour, it will be dropped as soon as the necessary sanction is received. The Horstmann car itself is made at Bath, and is now the outcome of an alliance in which is included Messrs. R. A. Lister, of Dursley, Glos., the agricultural engineers of sixty years' reputation; and, three, in a recent article, it is regretted, it was erroneously stated that Hardres Court is the property of Sir John Esplen. I am informed that while Sir John is indeed the lease holder and occupier, the actual owner is Mr. Robert S. Gardiner.

As usual, Vauxhalls have secured fresh successes. In one case the car beat its previous record over the Transvaal A.C.'s course near Johannesburg, in another getting the better of an aeroplane, with which it was contesting, at about 70 m.p.h.

I have been looking through a list of recent A.A. activities, and notice

they are numerous and varied. For one thing, the Association prevented the Southport Corporation from making by-laws regulating motor vehicles on hire; for another it prepared the traffic maps that so ably guided the Derby traffic, and it has likewise arranged for the admission into this country of foreign chassis with temporary seats on the production of a tryptique or deposit of duty, the latter being refunded.

The reproach of wasting golden opportunities is to be laid at the door of those who start on a holiday expedition without a camera. But lightness and ease of carrying are important considerations, and from this point of view the Vest Pocket Kodak is recommended.



The Prince of Wales stands up in his Rolls-Royce to acknowledge the welcome of his future subjects at Liverpool.



MAXWELL AND CHALMERS "SERVICE."

An Organisation Worth Visiting by the Incredulous.

"SERVICE," in an automobile sense, means the anticipation of and preparation for every conceivable requirement of the purchaser after he has bought a car. It is a term that, in the past few years, has gradually come to be regarded as an essential feature of automobile manufacturing and selling policy, but even to-day very few go to the full length indicated in our definition.

Maxwell service, perhaps, comes as near to the ideal as any, and, needless to say, in order to carry that ideal into effect an organisation not only of considerable magnitude but also of considerable efficiency is required. The reader will say that, Maxwell cars being American, one expects service on a wide scale; but an American car sold in America is rather a different proposition from the same vehicle retailed in England. The question of

spare parts assumes far greatimportance, and it is probably necessary for the incredulous reader to pay a visit to the Maxwell service station at Lupus Road, Pimlico, to gain any sort of an adequate idea of the necessities of the case. Spare parts then can be seen grouped literally in their tens of thousands —and the wonderment that the visitor feels is not by any means concerned with the mere vastness of the collection, but even more with the superlative system embodied in the grouping and recording of stock.

We all of us most likely became fed up with system during the war; for many it became a synonym for red tape. But it must be admitted that the bigger the enterprise the greater the need for system, even though the logical result, if the system be rigidly adhered to, is occasional instances of red tape. We won the war; some people say in spite of it. But a Maxwell owner of any model and any year can obtain any spare part in a few moments because of it.

The Maxwell service station does not limit itself to supplying spare parts and leaving the owner to fit them as best he can, naturally, and the repairs department is a replica, so far as organisation is concerned, of the spare part storage system. And the Maxwell or Chalmers owner who comes in with a car which he thinks, but is not sure, needs a new part or parts can be sure not only of expeditious but of fair treatment.

If on inspection it proves that some cheaper but equally effective treatment other than the fitting of a new part is possible, he will be so advised; and he will be wise to follow the advice. For the purpose in life of such an organisation is not primarily and directly to make a profit. Its purpose is to ensure, so far as possible, roo per cent. efficiency from cars of the make with which it is concerned. The more Maxwell and Chalmers cars that run 365 days a year, the more is its existence justified. It exists simply, if you are a Max-

well owner, to keep you on the road — in fact, to keep you happy.

happy.

Where the indirect profit comes in is obvious, of course when you have worn out that Maxwell you will buy another, and in the meantine a satisfied owner is the best advertisement that any motor - car have.



A Chalmers Six—a car, maybe, no better than the Maxwell, but a trifle more luxurious.



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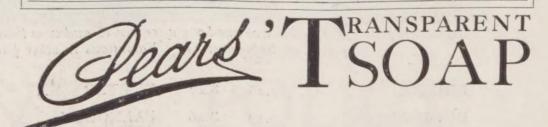
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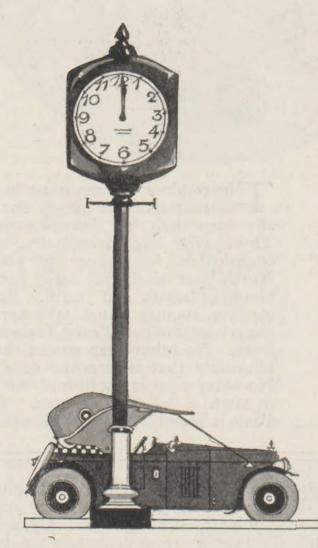
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THE ROADS IN AUGUST.

In a monthly journal it is not always possible to be absolutely up to date with road information. The information given below, however, is supplied by the Roads Department of the Automobile Association, and is not only authentic but, being in some cases anticipatory, may be taken generally as indicating local conditions on the first of the month.



THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

The Bath road is poor in places between Colnbrook and Maidenhead, and tarring is in progress between Reading and Twyford.

Surface of the Brighton road between Crawley and Hickstead is poor, otherwise this road is generally good. Caution advised through Reigate, Crawley and Handcross.

Repairs are in hand at Hockliffe on the Coventry road and tarmac is being laid on Hockliffe Hill.

Eastbourne road surface is bad between the Green and Sand Pit at Godstone; alternative via Tilburstow Hill to Blindley Heath. Repairs between S. Godstone and Lagham Cross roads, full width tarmac being laid at Felbridge. Road between Hailsham and Polegate under repair, but to avoid this take Ersham Road, Hailsham, and Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

The Folkestone road is generally good, full width remetalling being in hand just north of Sellinge. The surface of the road through Canterbury and on to Sarre is poor, and caution is advised.

Repairs are in hand between Potters Bar and Hatfield on the Great North Road, and the surface is poor for one mile south of Stevenage. Caution through Wyboston and Eaton Socon, also at St. Neots and Buckden. Tarspraying between Stamford and Wansford, surface bad Norman's Cross to Stilton and for one mile north of A.A. Box at Alconbury.

Repairs at Sevenoaks on the Hastings road, which otherwise is generally fair. Caution advised through Robertsbridge.

The Oxford road is poor from Ealing to Uxbridge and for two miles at Stoken-church, otherwise fair. Caution advised at Dashwoods and Aston Rowant Hills.

Road widening near tram terminus on Kingston Hill on the Portsmouth road. Caution advised Putney to Esher; repairs in hand in West Street, Farnham, where half width of road is closed. Great care is necessary in High Street, Cosham, where electric lighting is being installed. Caution is also advised between Emsworth and Havant.

The Southampton road is poor between Hartney Wintney and Basingstoke, also between Cadnam and Lyndhurst (loose pebbles). Special caution is advised.

THE MOTOR-OWNER LIGHTING-UP TABLE.

Lighting-up time, before the war one hour after sunset and now thirty minutes earlier, is 9.18 p.m. in London on August 1st and 8.17 p.m. on September 1st. Variations in other parts of the country on those dates are given below.

BRISTOL	 9.28	8.27	EXETER		9.28	8.29	MANCHESTER		9.36	8.30
BIRMINGHAM	 9.29	8.26	FALMOUTH		9.33	8.35	NEWCASTLE	1.	9.39	8.29
CARLISLE	9.45	8.35	GLASGOW		9.55	8.42	NORWICH		9.17	8.14
CARNARVON	 9.42	8.37	INVERNESS		10.02	8.45	OXFORD		9.25	8.24
DERBY	 9.31	8.26	JOHN O' GROAT	S	10.04	8.43	PLYMOUTH		9.31	8.32
EDINBURGH	 9.51	8.38	LEEDS		9.34	8.27	PORTSMOUTH		9.20	8.20

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